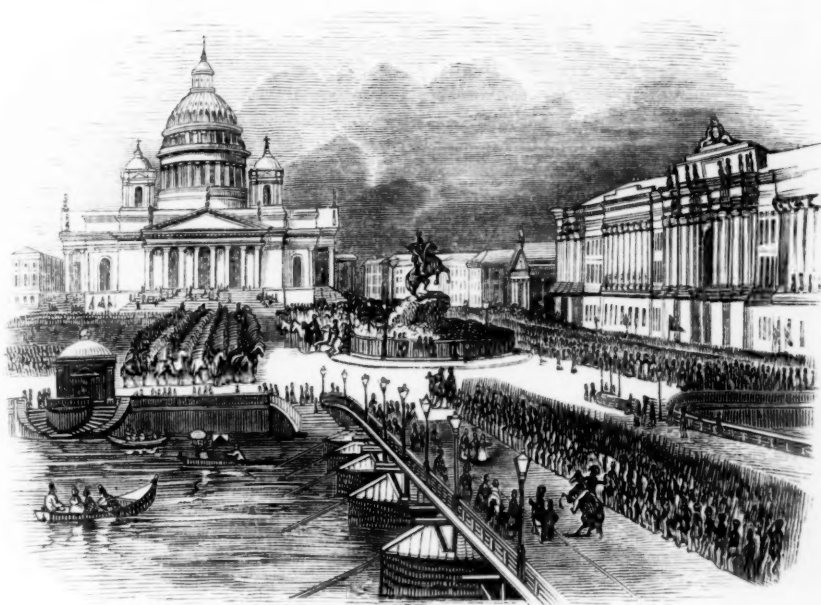


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JULY, 1854.



SAINT ISAAC'S PLACE—STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT—SENATE.

A TRIP FROM ST. PETERSBURGH TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

FROM the city of the Czar to the city of the Sultan! It is a trip worth taking even in these perilous times. You, reader, are gunpowder-proof in your snug retreat, and for "ourself" if a bullet pierces "us," we shall write you no more letters! "That's all;" and certainly that is not much.

But before this catastrophe overtakes me, I will make sure of some notes respecting my present *locale*—this wonderful city. The day of my arrival I was overwhelmed with admiration. I was incessantly exclaiming, This is the most beautiful city in the world, as I viewed its magnificent *quais*, or found myself in the midst of its

immense squares, surrounded by its numerous monuments, or paced its streets so wide, so long, and so perfectly straight. But this impression grew fainter from day to day. I continued to admire what was worthy of admiration; but criticisms began to mingle with my eulogies, and it was often necessary to remind myself that St. Petersburg had only existed a century and a half—that in fact, notwithstanding the rigors of its climate, it is a hot-house plant forced into its present flourishing appearance by the ascendancy of its indomitable founder. Truth obliges me to acknowledge that I at last yawned in front of the very buildings which first delighted

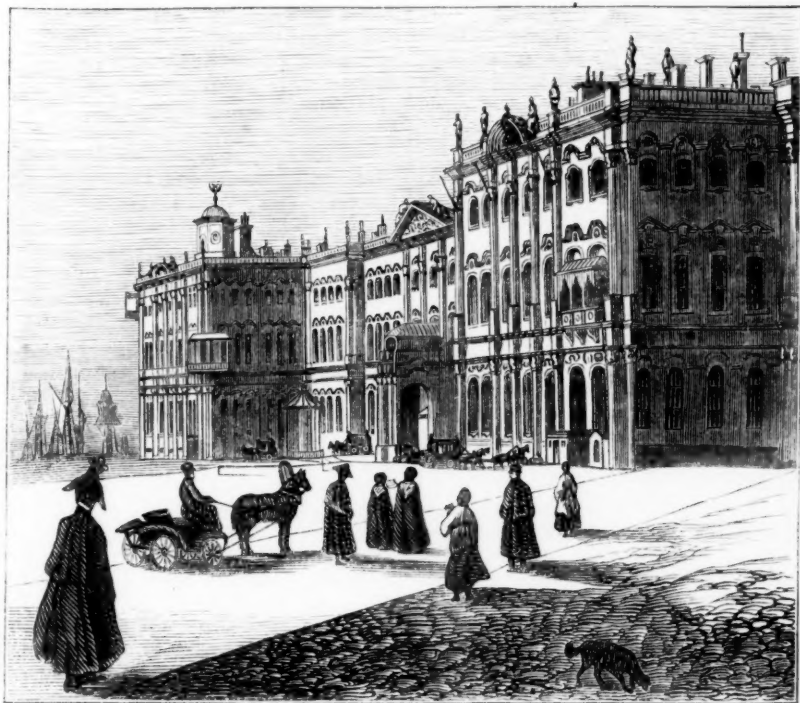
me; and strolling through its straight and interminable streets, I have longed for some of the abrupt turns which one meets in the older quarters of Rouen, Venice, or Nuremburg. I am too much a lover of the picturesque, not to be wearied with straight lines and right angles. However, *chacun son goût*; and when my first fervors for St. Petersburg had congealed in the frost-breath, I nevertheless understood perfectly how it was capable of exciting enthusiastic admiration.

St. Petersburg, or the city of Peter, the first city on the continent of Europe in size, and the second in population, was first thought of by Peter the First, in 1703. In that year he made known his project of removing the capital of his empire from Moscow—from the august sanctuary of the Kremlin to the borders of the Gulf of Finland—to the uninhabited marshy plains of the Neva. Its situation, politically considered, was perhaps not well chosen. Statesmen, who look more at the future than at the present, allege that Peter committed a great blunder. In order to keep the Swedes in check, and to open a direct communication with Western Europe by the Baltic, he removed Russia, or at least her center of action, from the position to which she was suited by her origin and her character, and to which she was called by her designs, her interests, and her necessities. These knowing ones have also asserted that if ever the Czar succeeds in sending his fleets beyond the Bosphorus, (which a good Providence forbid!) if ever he places the Greek cross upon the domes of St. Sophia, the Russian empire with its two heads will inevitably be cut into northern and southern divisions, after the manner of the Roman empire, under the founder of Constantinople. All this may be true; but our business is not with politics.

As early as 1700, the Swedes had constructed a fortress at the junction of the Neva and the Okhta, which was a constant point of attack to the Russians for many years. At one time it was partly destroyed by an incendiary; but after a siege of some days, it was finally surrendered to Peter the Great, in 1703. Though it had only been regarded as a good military position, he seems immediately to have formed the project of making it the capital of his empire, for he commenced forti-

fying it in good earnest, without waiting for the conclusion of peace to establish his new position, and without fear of the inundations to which he knew it was exposed.

In the spring of 1703 he gave orders for assembling in his new locality great numbers of Russian peasants, Tartars, Cossacks, Finns, &c., and gathered about him workmen from all parts of the empire. At the same time his troops were encamped on both banks of the Neva, the infantry on the north and the cavalry on the south. It was a great undertaking to supply these vast numbers with food. The surrounding country, ravaged as it had been for many years of war, contained scarcely any resources; and contrary winds frequently delayed the convoys, which were sent from the interior, across the lake of Ladoga. Provisions were scarce, and consequently very dear. With insufficient nourishment, exposed to cold and dampness, often nearly to their shoulders in the water, the poor workmen sunk under their fatigues and miseries, and it is computed that about one hundred thousand men perished. But these were small difficulties in the way of Peter the Great. During these preliminary arrangements, the Czar resided in a little wooden house, painted brick color, and hung with canvas. Some twenty years afterward, it was rebuilt in masonry, by order of its imperial occupant, and it is still in good preservation, the object of veneration to his people, and much visited by foreigners. To me, that little Dutch-built brick house has been the most interesting spot in St. Petersburg. This log-cabin of royalty contains three apartments—a dining-room on the left, a lodging-room on the right, and the center for a reception-hall: the latter contains three or four articles of furniture, made by the industrious hands of the Czar himself, who taught his subjects the use of several mechanical tools. Dressed in a coarse red vest, he here received the officers of his army, ministers of his empire, and foreign ambassadors. Almost the only ornament of the establishment, is a crucifix which was carried by Peter at the battle of Poltava. In an inclosure, by the side of the house, is a relic scarcely less precious; it is the little boat constructed by the royal carpenter at Saardam, which afterward became the model for his work-



WINTER PALACE.

men, and is now called the *Grandfather of the Russian Navy*. Tapers and lamps are kept burning day and night, on a kind of altar in the dining-room, and the entire building is completely tapestried with votive offerings. Some of these look singular enough to civilized eyes; the reader will agree with me, when I assure him, that among these were arms, legs, feet, hands, eyes, teeth, jewels, paintings, embroideries, &c. One might easily imagine himself in the chamber of the Virgin at Our Lady's of Loretto. The memory of Peter is preserved with a gratitude and admiration amounting almost to devotion; indeed, the Russians seem to regard him as a superhuman being.

Such is a glance, and we have time but for a glance at the origin of this great metropolis. It is not my intention to detail "Guide Book" items; nor to generalize only for old travelers—my route is novel enough to American readers, and, indeed, to any readers, to admit of some particularity. In some parts of the *present*

city, temples and palaces extend as far as the eye can reach; and many of these edifices are of such a size, that ten minutes' time is requisite to walk along but one side of their extent. Several of the public buildings contain a larger population than many respectably sized towns in Europe or America. The winter palace numbers six thousand inhabitants. The Hospital of the Infantry has four thousand beds at its disposal. Seven thousand children are in the Foundling Hospital. Some other buildings—such as the Admiralty, the Hotel of the Etat Major, and the Tauris Palace—occupy sufficient ground for separate towns, and yet the streets are so wide, and the squares are so vast, and the arms of the Neva are so extended, that, notwithstanding their grandeur, all these edifices look small. The perfect level on which they are built diminishes their apparent size still more. They are all of the same height. Architectural masses which deserved hills for their pedestals, are limited within the

same straight lines. Nowhere do you see a picturesque group of buildings. The monotonous aspect of the city is more noticeable in winter than in summer. When river, streets, squares, and houses are covered with their shroud of snow, the white walls of the edifices scarcely appear to belong to the earth; and the Palmyra of the north beneath its leaden sky seems but the ghost of a city.

In fact, St. Petersburg might be characterized by almost any European national designation but its own. It is French, Italian, English, or German, but not Russian. Moscow alone deserves that appellation, of which more when we revisit it. And yet springing up as we have described it, St. Petersburg is a somewhat faithful image of the nation and of the effect of its character, history, and institutions upon its society. This great modern European city, rising in the midst of an almost Asiatic country, uninhabited, uncultivated, destitute of laws, manners, arts and sciences, now, as then, presents the two extremes of society, without the intermediate class. There is no transition

between the nobility and the serfs—between excessive wealth and excessive poverty. Civilization is surrounded by barbarism. Science shines forth from the darkness of ignorance; in fact, the nineteenth century is seen in the midst of the thirteenth.

But let us stroll on with our local observations. One of the most striking features of St. Petersburg, is the number and variety of its spires: upon its large and numerous convents all kinds of belfries, turrets, and steeples may be seen. They amount to a national architecture, and their bright or painted points are a great relief to the monotonous edifices, piercing the air with arrows so sharp, that the eye can scarcely distinguish where the gilding fades into the brown of the polar skies. The spire of the citadel, and that of the Admiralty, are the most remarkable: the latter is gilded with ducats presented to Peter by the Republic of the United Provinces. These monumental needles appeared to me dangerously aspiring. I could not imagine how they were sustained in the air. They are essentially



MILK MAIDS.



PEASANTS FROM THE ENVIRONS.

Russian ornaments, and doubtless are imitations of the Asiatic. Just picture to yourself this immense collection of domes, (and every Greek church is obliged to have four bell-towers;) then imagine the various hues of this multitude of cupolas—some silvered, some gilded, some azure-colored, while the roofs of the palaces are painted a deep blue or emerald green; add to this, the magnificent squares ornamented with bronze statues of the emperors and distinguished characters of Russian history; inclose this colossal picture with a river of extraordinary size, which

reflects all these objects when calm, and covers them with its mists in storm, and you will have some conception of the splendor of St. Petersburg. Over the widest part of the river extends a bridge of boats, between the Champ-de-Mars, (where the statue of Suwarow is lost in space,) and the citadel which contains the ashes of Peter the Great, and his family. Recollect too, that the Neva, which is always full, flows through the midst of the city, inclosing an island bordered with splendid edifices, which are adorned with Greek columns, supported by granite

foundations and modeled from pagan temples. If you can bring all these objects definitely before you, you will understand how picturesque St. Petersburg must be, notwithstanding the bad taste of its borrowed architecture, the misty hue of the surrounding country, the total absence of inequalities of surface, and its lack of brilliant skies in the dull climate of the north.

The houses of St. Petersburg have, like the public edifices, a monumental appearance. Many of them contain two hundred families. Their appearance from the street gives you no idea of their size. This can only be understood, by observing the several parts of which they are composed, and the courts they inclose, which are sufficiently large for cavalry reviews. The inhabitants of course have little or no acquaintance with each other, and sometimes hours are spent in search of one of them.

Most of the houses of St. Petersburg are but one or two stories in height, though in the central streets they are somewhat more elevated. The Russians dislike lofty residences. Those of the upper classes have usually but one story. A few years since a speculator built four or five three storied houses, on the isle of Vasili; but it was impossible to let them. No one wanted the upper floor. Rents are exorbitant in the better parts of the city, as land is high, and the marshy nature of the soil renders the expense of foundations very great. Yet buildings are erected with astonishing rapidity; indeed, the time is so short from the commencement to the completion of an edifice, that it seems almost the work of enchantment. Let it be done as soon as possible is the only demand made of an architect. The inconstancy of the people equals their impatience. A dwelling is scarcely well finished, when alterations are commenced. For a dinner, a ball, or a party, the whole interior is sometimes transformed. A wing is added, or the partition removed in less time than more settled homes would demand for the purchase of a new article of furniture. The taste of the governmental authorities is, however, by no means a fixture, and it may be held responsible for much of this apparent fickleness; the window or door which was given as a model to-day may be prohibited to-morrow.

The Russians, like the Yankees, are essentially a nomadic race. The wealthy

classes cannot spend a year comfortably without hurrying from one extremity of the empire to another, just for the pleasure of a change of place. If circumstances make this impossible, they gratify their inclination by removing from room to room in their own habitations.

The streets of St. Petersburg are not in good order, though immense sums are expended on the repairs which are constantly necessary. "The soil is too soft to continue well paved. During the winter, however, nature macadamizes the city better than human agency could do it. The snow and ice tend to form a pavement perfectly smooth and hard. But defend us from the thawing time, which generally occurs in May, that month so celebrated in the poetry of other lands. Horrible lakes of mud then fill the streets through which horses can only ford their way. Any one who has wintered here, sees the impossibility of removing the snow of a winter: as soon as the first breath of spring is felt, openings are made in the thickest and hardest masses for the melting waters, forming quite respectably sized canals. The dust is nearly as insupportable in summer as the mud in its season; the streets are so very wide and the squares such immense paved spaces, that it is impossible to water them, and the winds of Russia are as tyrannical as the reigning powers. No obstacle impedes them, and, like other tyrants, they abuse their authority. St. Petersburg pays the penalty of its magnificent distances in other inconveniences to which it is subject. In the warmest weather there is scarcely any shade during the day, and it is quite hopeless to illuminate it at night. Notwithstanding the darkness which covers the greater part of the city, it is perfectly safe at all hours; acts of violence against persons or property are as rare as they would be frequent in Paris or New-York, if these two civilized cities were left in the same obscurity for forty-eight consecutive hours.

To a stranger, the aspect of the winter nights is singular enough; every instant sleighs are darting out from the darkness on one side and immediately disappearing on the other. Gigantic shadows seem pursuing each other over the snows, and voices are heard and shouts are raised to prevent the collision of these unseen travelers. Upon the roofs of the houses,

at short distances from each other, may be seen round towers, of sufficient height to overlook the respective quarters of the city where they stand; they have little windows on all sides, and are surrounded by a gallery which is protected by an iron railing. Each is occupied night and day by two veteran watchmen wrapped in sheepskins, who give an immediate alarm to the police in case of danger by fire or flood. A red flag is the signal of the latter catastrophe, and a large red lantern of the former.

Omitting many details of interest, let us now glance at one or two of the most prominent edifices of this remarkable city.

I have been to the church of St. Isaac's, which may be selected as the best example of the ecclesiastical buildings of the city. It is not only one of the finest ornaments of St. Petersburg, but it is really one of the most magnificent modern churches of Europe. It is probably the last which will be constructed on such an expensive scale; the present century is too utilitarian, and very properly so, for such an undertaking. Though inferior in all respects to St. Paul's of London, or the Pantheon of Paris, neither of which bear any comparison with St. Peter's, it has the great advantage of its position over the two former. Instead of being surrounded with buildings which destroy the view, as in the case of the English cathedral, it rises from a square where one hundred thousand troops can be reviewed with ease. This immense space is surrounded with the most splendid edifices of the city; among which are the Senate, the government offices, the Winter Palace, and Admiralty; and it contains the statue of Peter the Great, and the Alexandrine column. The four principal avenues of the city diverge in opposite directions from the church: the first under a triumphal arch. Two others are the streets Vosnecenski and Garochovaia, and the last the grand perspective of Newski.

St. Isaac's is built entirely of granite marble, bronze and iron. Its foundations, which cost \$700,000, are granite masses of immense size. Its form is the Greek Cross, with the dome in the center, and four square chapels at each angle, surmounted with a belfry: it is three hundred and four feet in length, and one hundred and sixty-seven feet wide. It has four principal façades with porticoes supported

by pillars of red granite from Finland; each of these pillars is in one solid piece, sixty-two feet high, and about ten feet in diameter. The size and weight of the great bell harmonizes with the colossal dimensions of the building; it is an object of pride to the citizens and an attraction to visitors. The gilded dome, seventy-seven feet in diameter, is surmounted by a gilded cross and is surrounded with bronze statues of angels of colossal size. It can be seen at a distance of more than twenty miles. At Cronstadt it has the appearance of a new star attracting commerce to the capital.

Nearly all religions are represented in the Churches of St. Petersburg: Greeks, Armenians, Protestants, and Romanists all have their temples of worship. There is such a variety of them in the grand avenue of Newski that it has been called the Street of Toleration.

The most important as well as the most splendid of the edifices of St. Petersburg, is the Imperial Palace, distinguished as the Winter Palace from the former royal residence, built by the Emperor Paul, and now known as the Summer Palace. This magnificent structure is not twenty years old. In 1837 its predecessor was destroyed in a few hours by fire. This was intended to replace it. The original was designed by the Italian architect Bastrelli, in the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, and was inhabited by more than eight thousand persons. The superintendent of the imperial mansion, who had held his post more than twelve years, had never entered some parts of the building. It was a real labyrinth. Besides its regular and recognized officers, whole colonies of dependents secretly lived within its inclosure. During the winter, a corps of servants were employed to prevent the reservoirs from freezing, by means of red hot balls; behind the chimneys which served for this purpose the workmen contrived to build huts for their families, and it is said that fowls, goats, and even cows subsisted here, till a sudden *eclaircissement* destroyed the pastoral scene.

Eighty thousand workmen were employed on this palace, and for more than eighty years its possessors lavished embellishments upon it. So many valuable objects have rarely been collected together. In less than one night, velvets, damasks, tapestries, cashmeres, mirrors, amber, lap-



PEASANTS FROM ESTHONIA—GIRL IN HOLIDAY COSTUME.

islazuli, marble statues, pictures, all were consumed. The city was overwhelmed with the catastrophe. It seemed to share in the loss of the palace of the emperor. Many of the inhabitants spontaneously offered him a large part of their fortunes. Count Barineky placed \$200,000 at his disposal. Two days after, Nicholas drove through one of the streets, alone, in a light droschski; a man with a long beard and a Turkish cafetan, ran to meet him, placed nearly \$20,000 in bank notes upon his knees, and disappeared without mentioning his name.

The emperor refused to accept these generous offers; but he promised that the edifice should be rebuilt, and the next day

his resolution was taken. He assembled his architects and told them that in precisely one year he wished to receive his court in a new palace. Some very natural objections were raised; but his subjects had learned the lesson of obedience, and in a year from the day that his orders were issued, he received his court within its walls.

Many of the workmen sacrificed their lives to this command of their sovereign; six thousand of them were shut up in saloons heated to thirty degrees in order that the walls might be quickly dried. Several died every day from the sudden transition to the colder temperature of the open air. Those employed in the

warmest parts of the building protected themselves in some degree by wearing caps on their heads containing ice.

The Winter Palace can scarcely be compared with any of the other royal residences of Europe. It somewhat resembles that of Madrid. The decorations of the interior are of almost incredible magnificence. The grand staircase is of marble overlaid with gold; in the *Salle Blanche* entertainments are given at which eight hundred covers are laid; the vast St. George's Gallery, all of sculptured marble, leaves nothing for the extravagance of a monarch to desire. One of the façades of this sumptuous edifice fronts on the Neva, with the custom house, the military academies and the fortress below it; the second is on the grand place of the Admiralty, from which the view extends to St. Isaac's; the third opens in front of the demi-rele formed by the buildings of the *Elat Major*, where stands the Alexandrian column.

The fourth side is separated from the Palace of the Hermitage by a narrow street, which is crossed by three covered passages, uniting the two, like the Bridge of Sighs at Venice between the prison and the Ducal Palace.

The people of St. Petersburg regard the imperial residence with a singular mixture of confidence and terror. They know that it contains their destiny, their supreme law, the law which has governed their fathers and will govern their children. With their eyes fixed on it, they repeat their national proverb, "With the Czar is power, with the Czar is death."

The Hermitage, which escaped the fire of 1837, though united to the winter palace as we have described, was built by order of Catharine II. after the fashion of royalty in the eighteenth century. It is a kind of imperial museum, but does not contain all the pictures in the possession of the emperor; these are very numerous, of different schools and epochs, and many of the apartments of the winter palace are ornamented with them. Though it cannot



PEASANT GIRL OF PARGOLA, ENVIRONS OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

be considered a gallery, as it was intended by Catharine only for the decoration of her private residence, it has been enlarged by the taste of her successors, for their use, and may be regarded as an amateur cabinet—the cabinet of the Czars it is true, and, like their palace and their empire, it is grand and vast. Visitors must be provided with tickets of admission, and a kind of court costume is necessary, as no gentleman can enter except in a dress coat.

About two thousand pictures hang quite irregularly upon the walls of the Hermitage; but among them are many *chefs-d'œuvres*, and some very remarkable copies from Raphael. There are also collections of statues, statuettes, busts, designs, engravings, and lithographs, medallions, coins, cameos, mosaics, enameled miniatures, gold and silver carvings, jewelry, antiquities, &c. The private library of the Czars is in this building, numbering about one hundred thousand volumes.

It may be seen from this enumeration that an artist or learned man might spend

his life as agreeably as usefully, if allowed a cell in this colossal palace. I spent several hours among the treasures enumerated, and saw so many beautiful objects that only confused ideas of the whole remain with me. But I have not forgotten the celebrated rules of the Hermitage, composed, printed, and published by Catharine II. for the regulation of her interior republic. They are so characteristic that they deserve to be translated.

1. On entering the Hermitage, titles and rank are to be laid aside, with the hat and sword.

2. All pretensions founded on the prerogatives of birth are to be left at the door.

3. Be gay; but do not break or spoil anything.

4. Sit down, stand still, or walk, just as you please.

5. Converse moderately and not too loud, that others may not be disturbed.

6. Discuss without anger or passion.

7. Do not sigh or yawn, to interrupt the enjoyment of others.

8. Innocent games proposed by an individual of the company should be shared by the visitors.

9. Eat slowly and with a good appetite, drink moderately that each may have the use of his limbs on withdrawing.

10. Any person disobeying these regulations, upon the testimony of two witnesses, shall be obliged to drink a glass of cold water, (ladies not excepted,) and besides, to read, in a loud voice, a page from the *Telemachide*, (a poem of Frediakofsky.) Whoever neglects three of these regulations, during one evening, shall commit to memory six lines of the *Telemachide*. Any one failing in observance of the tenth rule, shall never after enter the Hermitage.

An odd mixture of freedom and tyranny this, certainly. The former could scarcely be excelled in the United States; and the latter is of a very rare character in absolute monarchies, for it is only laughable. But man was not made for a hermit, and the outer world calls us from the hermitage—yet, in spite of the name, one goes from it to silence and solitude in reëntering the streets of the city. The foreigner, accustomed to the tumult and crowd of London or New-York, is strangely struck with the quiet of the public



GIPSY AND CHILD.

places and squares of St. Petersburg. Vast spaces open before him, where, to his astonishment, a single drochski makes its way like a little boat upon the wide ocean. He wanders sadly through its interminable streets, with their walls of silent palaces, now and then perceiving a human being in the distance, like a marauder darting from a rocky ambuscade. The colossal proportions in which the city is built show that its founders were only occupied with a distant future. Rapidly as the population has increased, it is still quite insufficient to fill the space designed for it, or to give that life and bustle which belong to the capital of a great empire. Most of the time, but especially on fête days, and public displays, there is in the perspective of Newski, and the neighborhood of the Admiralty, some little resemblance to other capitals. This is the most beautiful and frequented street of the city. It is full three miles in length, and is perfectly straight for more than two-thirds of its extent, making but a slight deviation at one extremity. No part of St. Petersburg is more interesting to a stranger. Its commencement at the monastery and cemetery of St. Alexander Newski reminds you of solitude and death; but it soon conducts you past little low wooden houses to a cattle market. Here I always lingered, for it was generally filled with Russian peasants, clothed in the characteristic costume of the interior villages crowding around the liquor shops. Here, also, you see the various costumes of the lower classes; the milk maids; peasant girls and their lovers, from the environs; peasants even from Esthonia; the rustic girl of Pargola, spinning at her fruit-stand; and sometimes the Bohemian or Gipsy, with the unfailing baby.

The appearance of the dwellings changes gradually as you advance. Occasionally a two-story stone building is seen; the shops improve. Much of the clothing which has spent its youth in more central positions, finds its way to these suburban depots in its old age. The houses are painted red and yellow, in the old Russian style, and all the male inhabitants wear long beards and still longer *cafetans*. Still farther, are a few *isvoshtshiks*, or coachmen, of whom more by-and-by, wanderers perhaps from the borders of the empire, with their shaved chins, short frock-coats, and less simple dwellings. After passing the bend

above mentioned, and crossing a bridge, you are in the midst of the city: some houses are three, and even four stories high; the signs covering them are more numerous and of a different character; equipages with four horses are displayed. Beyond the Fontanka Canal is the true aristocratic quarter. The crowd and noise increase: still more elegant equipages drive past you; princes and generals jostle each other on the pavement. From thence to the Admiralty extends an uninterrupted line of magnificent shops, palaces, and churches of every religion. For about two hours of mid-day this part of St. Petersburg rivals in every respect the fashionable promenades of other European capitals.

But the idler in the metropolis is not confined to the Newski; the Summer garden is a place of great resort. It has also beautiful trees, flowers, and grass, and the nicest care is bestowed upon it. It is so well situated in the center of the city, that if the land which it occupies were sold for building purposes, it would bring three and a half millions of dollars. It is the favorite resort of children with their nurses. It is quite delightful to see the little Cossacks and Circassians at their spirited sports. The girls are dressed in the French style as soon as they can walk; but the boys are attired *à-la-moujik*, as it is called, until they are seven or eight years of age, when they appear in European clothes. Their language is as interesting as their costume. The wealthier classes employ the best English, French, and German teachers for their children; and from these four languages, which they are constantly hearing, the little ones manufacture an idiom of their own, which is exceedingly diverting.

On the Monday of Pentecost, the garden presents a most animated scene. It was formerly a kind of market-day for husbands and wives. The sons and daughters of the merchants, in their gayest attire, meet there to see and be seen. The girls, accompanied by their mammas, form a blooming border to the parterres; while the young gentlemen, with floating *cafetans* and carefully-trimmed beards, walk up and down these dangerous files. Conversation, commenced by the parents, soon becomes general, followed by a brisk cross-fire of meaning glances, and a tumultuous fluttering of hearts. Eight days



NURSE AND COSSACK CHILD.

after, the paternal mansion is the scene of new festivities, and the wedding soon succeeds the betrothal. But this old custom is fast losing favor, and will doubtless become obsolete before the growing refinement of the country.

In autumn, all the numerous statues of the garden are covered with wooden cases to protect them from the rain and snow; all the trees and shrubs are enveloped in straw till the return of spring, when these and the great human family again throw off their winter coverings.

In a corner of the garden is the palace of Peter the Great: it is a little low, white house, covered with tasteless yellow bas-reliefs, nearly concealed from view by the large linden-trees surrounding it; it seems modestly shrinking before the magnificent edifices which overshadow it. Yet there was a time when it was the most beautiful building visible in the midst of the fishermen's huts of the desert city.

The population of St. Petersburg is much more varied than is generally supposed. The people are divided into two perfectly distinct classes; those who wear

uniform, and those who do not. Besides the military, which are very numerous, there is a garrison of sixty thousand men who are not allowed citizens' dress; indeed, more than half the civil population are never seen without the buttons and epaulettes of their office. Civil functionaries of every grade, all departments of the police, all professors of the university, teachers and pupils of the public schools, even the domestics of rich and noble families, wear a uniform. A dress of black or blue is regarded as a desirable distinction, though their wearers must yield precedence to the civil or military epaulettes in all public ceremonies. One or more crosses, the brilliancy of which can scarcely be exaggerated, adorn the uniforms of those who have been in the service of government for a long time. Some of these are the emblems of a nominal dignity; others are granted for a certain number of services. Decorations fall like dew from heaven upon the proud soul of the faithful Russian, and are most eagerly coveted by him. The subaltern's ribbon of Vladimir commands the respect of his

SOMMER GARDEN.



equals and inferiors; and the diamond star of the grand officer is exceedingly agreeable to him, most especially from the consideration it gains for him at the camp festivals. All stand with outstretched hand eagerly hoping and waiting as the cross of Stanislaus, Wladimir, or St. Anne, falls from the imperial chancery.

Whatever may be the cause, it is an unquestionable fact that there are few cities where finer men are seen than at St. Petersburg. Even the lower classes have beautifully regular features, Greek profiles, and forms strikingly supple and elegant. Another singularity of the city is the small proportion of females, which,

unlike other European capitals, is less than a third of the population. This scarcity renders them objects of universal attention, though they are less seen in public than in other cities of the continent; in fact, their lives were formerly spent in the same seclusion as the Asiatic women. This custom is still traceable in their habits, revealing, as do many other particulars, the origin of the people.

Nearly all countries have some term expressive of the habits and nature of the lower stratum of society, the mass of the people. It is much easier to ridicule the coarseness and vulgarity of this class, than to discover the good natural traits they possess in common with more cultivated human nature. France has her *canaille*; even the United States has been obliged to invent a term for the European paupers who crowd the cities of the New World; and politicians occasionally allude, as carefully as may be, however, to the great *uncashed*. Now it is not a little singular, that Russia employs precisely the same phrase for the lowest class of her population. The Russian *tshornoi narod*, literally signifies, *black people*; but the first of these terms is also synonymous with uncleanness, and the two words express something more than what Americans call the *uncashed*, for those to whom it is applied in Russia are utterly ignorant of the use of soap and water. They are also called *moujiks*. The superior classes have no character peculiarly their own, aside from the uniforms which distinguish them; but the *moujiks*, who wear the national costume, are the true type of Russian character. To see one is to see all of them, for they are alike throughout the nation. They have the same costume, manners, habits, and tastes; their food and houses are alike. Their ancestors were just what they are, and their descendants will be the same for centuries. The first view of a *moujik* is certainly repulsive. He looks more like a bandit than an honest man of peaceable employments. His hair and beard are long and uncombed; his voice is harsh; he delights in noise; sometimes he wears a coarse brown coat, sometimes a green or blue robe, and sometimes a sheep-skin; but in whatever garb, or wherever found, in city or country, the same insupportable odor invariably accompanies him, and if all other signs were wanting, this would

mark him as belonging to the *tshornoi narod*. Though his filthiness is an undeniable reality, his rudeness is only in appearance. If you address him kindly in simple language, you will soon see that he is good-natured, polite, and useful. He will salute you respectfully, and inquire how he can serve you; or he will perhaps remove the thick glove which protects his coarse hand from the cold, and after shaking yours most heartily, will give you all the information in his power.

The *moujiks* wear on their heads a cloth cap of singular form, or a hat expanding upward from its narrow brim, and flattened at the top, with some slight resemblance to a lady's turban: it is very becoming to young men, who wear the same long beard as their elders; indeed, nothing is so highly prized by this class as the beard; the dandy *moujik* keeps it carefully combed, but with the greater part it is tangled and filthy. It sometimes quite covers the breast, though it is occasionally cut below the chin; but whatever its length or quantity, it is of inestimable value to its owner. The hair falls down each side of the face, entirely concealing the ears, but is cut so short behind that the back of the neck is quite exposed, and no cravat is worn. It must be confessed that this style of wearing the beard and hair would not at all agree with our notions of elegance; but it harmonizes admirably with the floating *cafetan*, or robe of blue, green, or gray cloth. The ample folds of the *cafetan* are confined at the waist with a girdle of some striking color. The large boots of stout leather, round at the ends, and bearing more resemblance to the shape of the foot than ours, complete the rude but not ungraceful costume of the *moujik*.

The two besetting sins of this singular class are dishonesty and intemperance. A Connecticut Yankee would stand no chance with them—they would cheat him out of his eye-teeth: the number of thefts daily committed in the streets is incredible. The brandy consumed in the drinking houses of St. Petersburg alone amounts to the snug little sum of nearly fifteen dollars per annum for each of the inhabitants, including the entire population of women and children. When a Russian is drunk, however, as too often happens, he invariably preserves his good humor, and also his reason, in some meas-



ure, for it is very difficult to deceive him ; he becomes exceedingly affectionate to every one, even to his enemies, whom he embraces and salutes with overflowing tenderness. The more he drinks, the more rose-colored the world appears to him, and the more gayly he carols his foolish songs. He does not stagger through the streets, but walks straight

onward, like a perfectly abstemious man, till he falls flat in the mud, from which the police officer removes him. His punishment is as singular as his character. Every person, without distinction of sex or age, who is found drunk, is obliged to sweep the streets a certain number of hours a day, according to the nature of his offense.



* LUTHER LECTURING.

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

LUTHER, AS BACHELOR OF ARTS, LECTURES ON PHILOSOPHY AND DIVINITY.

LUTHER, in his twenty-fifth year, steps from the monk's cell as teacher, into the lecture-room; the worst period of his mental troubles is past; the feeling of inward freedom strives for a first imperfect utterance.

Having been called in 1508 to the new university in Wittemberg, he there delivered his first course of lectures on philosophy, (on that of Aristotle,) and afterward another on divinity, (on the Psalms and the Epistle to the Romans.) "Here Brother Martin begins to study the Scriptures, and begins, at the High School, to contend against that sophistry which prevailed everywhere at that time." Among his hearers in the first row we see the first rector of the new university, Dr. Pollich

of Melrichstadt, physician to the Elector Frederick, and afterward also doctor of divinity. Of him Mathesius says: "Dr. Pollich, who was at that time a *lux mundi*, (light of the world,) that is to say, a doctor of laws, of medicine, and of monastic sophistry, would not forget even at table the arguments and conclusions of the monk. 'That monk,' he often said, as I have heard from the mouth of his brother Walter, 'will confound all the learned doctors, propound a new doctrine, and reform the whole Roman Church; for he studies the prophets and the evangelists; he relies on the word of Jesus Christ—no one can subvert that, either with philosophy or sophistry.'" According to Pollich, Luther himself said, "Let the doctors be the doctors; we must not hearken to what holy Church says, but to what Scripture says."



LUTHER PREACHING BEFORE STAUPITZ.

At the right hand of Pollich sits Johann Staupitz, vicar-general of the order of Augustine, and, as such, Luther's superior; indeed it was he who had called the latter to Wittemberg. Many years afterward, in 1528, Luther expresses himself as follows, writing to Staupitz: "Through thee the light of the gospel was lit up for the first time in the darkness of my soul."

LUTHER PREACHES IN THE MONASTERY BEFORE STAUPITZ AND THE OTHER BRETHREN PREPARATORY TO PREACHING IN THE PALACE AND TOWN CHURCHES.

LUTHER the teacher is also to have a cure of souls; the man of the school is to become the man of the Church. Unwillingly and fearfully did he comply with the wish of his friend Staupitz, that he should preach. "O, how I dread the pulpit! It is no trifling thing to speak to the people in the name of God, and to preach to them!"

His first sermons, until the town church was open to him, he delivered in the small ruinous chapel of his monastery, only thirty feet long and twenty broad. Myronius says, "This chapel might be compared to

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the stable in which Christ was born. In this miserable building it was the will of God that his gospel was to be preached, and his beloved Son Jesus Christ, as it were, to be born again; not one among the cathedrals or other grand churches did he choose for these excellent sermons." "When I was a young preacher," says Luther himself, "I was fully in earnest, and would willingly have made all the world pious." "God has led me to it as he did Moses. Had I known all beforehand, he would have had greater trouble ere he had led me thus far. Well, as I have begun, I will go through with this work."

In front the gray-headed Staupitz sits among the hearers, listening attentively to the address of his spiritual foster-son. He lived to see the plant flourish which he had helped to rear.

LUTHER'S JOURNEY TO ROME, 1510.

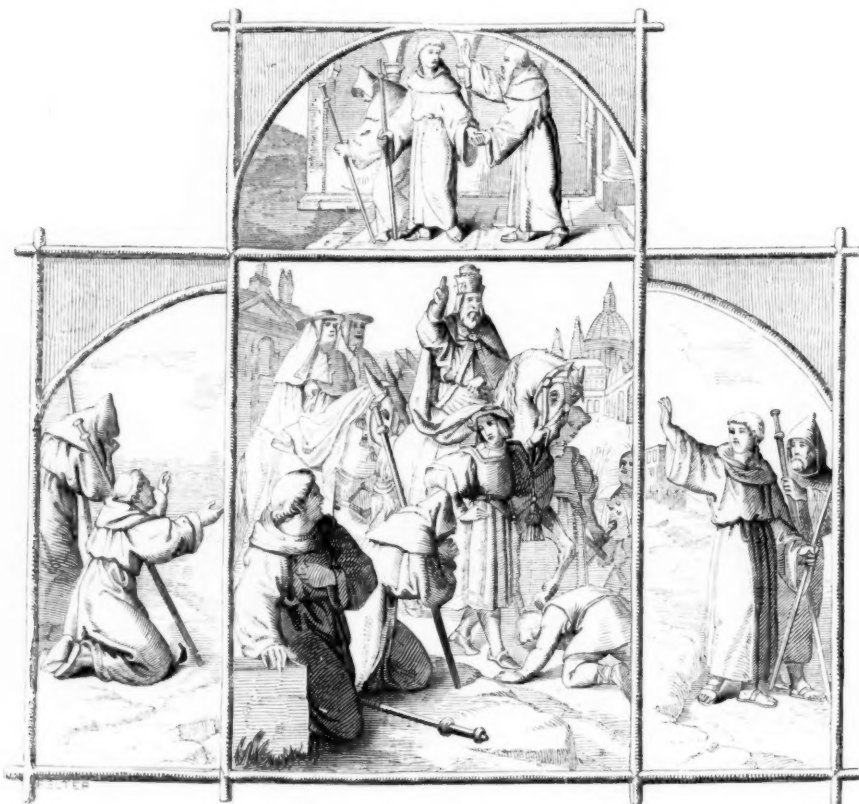
A vow had led young Luther into a monastery; another vow (added to a commission from his monastery) took him to Rome. In the monastery, as on his pil-

grimace thither, experience awaited him : in each case to be grievously undeceived.

"In the year 1510," writes Mathesius, "his monastery sent him to Rome. There he saw the holy father the Pope, and his pompous religion and impious courtiers. This greatly strengthened him afterward."

Behold Luther in Italy. The hour that one first descends from the Alps into this glorious land is one of joy, of vast hopes ; and, indisputably, Luther hoped to confirm his faith in the holy city, and lay his doubts

on the tombs of the holy apostles. Nor was he without a sense of the attraction of ancient, of classic Rome—that sanctuary of the learned which he had so ardently cultivated in his poor Wittenberg. His first experience of the country is being lodged in a monastery, built of marble, at Milan ; and so as he proceeds from convent to convent, he finds it like changing from palace to palace. In all, alike, the way of living is lavish and sumptuous. The candid German was somewhat sur-



LUTHER JOURNEYING TO ROME.

prised at the magnificence in which humility arrayed herself, at the regal splendor that accompanied penitence ; and he once ventured to tell the Italian monks that it would be better not to eat meat of a Friday,—an observation which nearly cost him his life, for he narrowly escaped an ambush they laid for him. He continues his journey, sad and undecided, on foot,

across the burning plains of Lombardy. By the time he reaches Padua he is fairly ill ; but he persists, and enters Bologna, almost a dying man. The poor traveler's head has been overcome by the blaze of the Italian sun, by the strange sights he has seen, the strangeness of manners and of sentiments. He took to his bed at Bologna, in the firm expectation of speedy

death; strengthening himself by whispering in the words of the prophet and the apostle, "The just man lives by faith." In one of his conversations he displays with much simplicity the horror felt of Italy by the worthy Germans: "The Italians require no more to take away your life than that you should look into a glass; and can deprive you of all your senses by secret poisons. The very air is deadly in Italy. They close the windows with the greatest care at night, and stop up all the crevices." Luther asserts that both he and the brother who accompanied him fell ill through having slept with the windows open; but two pomegranates that they eat, with God's grace, saved their lives. He resumed his journey, passed through Florence only, and at last entered Rome. He alighted at the convent of his order, near the *Porta del Popolo*. "As soon as I arrived I fell on my knees, raised my hands to heaven, and exclaimed, 'Hail, holy Rome, sanctified by holy martyrs, and the blood which they have shed here!'" . . . In his enthusiasm, he says he hastened to every sacred spot, saw all, believed all. But he soon discovered that he was the only believer. Christianity seemed to be forgotten in this capital of the Christian world. The pope was no longer the scandalous Alexander VI., but the choleric and warlike Julius II.; and this father of the faithful breathed only blood and desolation. His great artist, Michael Angelo, represented him hurling his benediction at Bologna, like a Jupiter hurling thunder; and Julius had just given him an order for a tomb to be as large as a temple. "T was the monument, of which the Moses, among other statues, has come down to us.

The sole thought of the pope, and of Rome, at this period, was war with the French. Had Luther undertaken to speak of grace and the powerlessness of works to this strange priest, who besieged towns in person, and who but a short time before would not enter Mirandola except through the breach, he would have met with a patient listener! His cardinals, so many officers serving their apprenticeships to war, were politicians, diplomatists, or else men of letters, learned men sprung from the ranks of the people, who only read Cicero, and would have feared to compromise their Latinity by opening the Bible. When speaking of the pope, they styled

him *high pontiff*; a canonized saint was, in their language, *relatus inter divos*, (translated to Olympus;) and if they did happen to let fall an allusion to God's grace, it was in the phrase, *Deorum immortalium beneficiis*, (by the kind aid of the immortal gods.) Did our German take refuge in churches, he had not even the consolation of hearing a good mass. The Roman priest would hurry through the divine service so quickly, that when Luther was no further than the Gospels, the minister who performed service was dismissing the congregation with the words, "*Ite, missa est*," (Ye may go, service is over.) These Italian priests would often presume to show off the freethinker, and, when consecrating the host, to exclaim, "*Panis es, et panis manebis*." (Bread thou art, and bread thou shalt remain.) To vail one's head and fly was the only resource left. Luther quitted Rome at the end of a fortnight, bearing with him into Germany the condemnation of Italy and of the Church. In his rapid and saddening visit, the Saxon had seen enough to enable him to condemn, too little to allow him to comprehend. And, beyond a doubt, for a mind preoccupied with the moral side of Christianity, to have discovered any religion in that world of art, law, and policy, which constituted Italy, would have required a singular effort of philosophy. "I would not," he somewhere says, "I would not have missed seeing Rome for a hundred thousand florins," (which words he repeats three times.) "I should ever have been uneasy, lest I might have done injustice to the pope."

Of the outward show of the prince of the Church, he says, "Rome has now its pomps; the pope goes about in triumph, fine, richly adorned horses before him, and he beareth the host on a white horse."

Luther left the holy city with a sharp thorn in his side. "I would wish that every one who is to become a preacher had been first at Rome, and seen how matters are carried on there." "I have myself heard it said at Rome, 'It is impossible that matters can remain in that state; things must change or break down.'" Again, "Pope Julius said, 'If we do not choose to be pious ourselves, let us at least not prevent others.' I have heard say at Rome, 'If there be a hell, Rome has been built on the top of it.' Rome has been the most holy city; but now



LUTHER CONSECRATED DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

it has become the most unrighteous and disgraceful. Whoever has been at Rome knows that things are worse there than can be expressed in words, or believed."

LUTHER IS WITH GREAT SOLEMNITIES CREATED AND CONSECRATED DOCTOR OF DIVINITY AND TEACHER OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

On the 18th and 19th of October, 1512, Luther was solemnly sanctified to his great work, as teacher of his Church and people.

Mathesius says, "Brother Martin was appointed on St. Luke's day doctor of the Holy Scriptures, and took the oath, and promised to study and proclaim them all his life; also to defend the holy Christian faith in writing and preaching against all heretics, so help him God!"

Luther says, "But I, Doctor Martinus, have been called upon, compelled to become a teacher, without any wish of my own, from pure obedience. I had to take upon myself the degree of doctor, and vow and promise to my beloved Holy Scriptures that I would teach and preach them faithfully in their purity. Teaching accordingly, popedom has come in my way, and wanted to stop me; the consequences whereof may be seen by all who have eyes."

Staupitz had had as much trouble to persuade Luther to accept the dignity of doctor as previously to persuade him to preach. To his many objections Staupitz replied, "It seems that our God will soon have much work to be done for him

in heaven and upon earth, and therefore he will need many young vigorous doctors to fight his battles. Whether you live or die, God has need of you in his councils."

Karlstadt presided at the solemnity as theological dean, (*decan.*)

LUTHER OCCUPIED WITH THE DUTIES OF VICAR-GENERAL OF THE AUGUSTINES, WHICH HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED TO HIM BY STAUPITZ.

To the mental preparation which Luther had already undergone, a greater experience of life and a more extended intercourse with his fellow-men was now to be added. As *locum tenens* for his friend Staupitz, he had an opportunity of acquiring the habits of active life.

"About this time Staupitz was dispatched to the Netherlands to bring relics from a monastery. In the mean time Luther received the office of vicar, which included the supervision of the monasteries of the Augustines, and the order to institute a visitation of them. For this purpose he traveled from one to the other, assisted the schools and admonished the brethren to study the Bible, and to live holily, peaceably, and chastely."

By the weight of all these labors for the eternal as well as the temporal welfare of those intrusted to his care, was the future head of the new Church to be prepared for the arduous duties of the spiritual government of the Church.

"The word of a brother repeated and made known from the Scriptures, and spoken in times of trouble and danger, is weighty and important." "If thou believe as firmly as thou ought," he writes in 1516, "then bear patiently with thy disorderly and erring brethren; look upon their sins as thine own, and whatever of good there be in thee, let it be theirs. If thou be a rose and lily of Christ, know that thy path must lie among thorns, and see that thyself become not a thorn through impatience, haughtiness, or secret pride."

On this journey of visitation already he became conscious in his inmost soul of his future calling; for when he learnt, in the monastery at Grimma, how Tetzels, the trafficker in indulgences, was carrying on his trade at the neighboring town of Wurzen, he exclaimed angrily, "I will make a hole in this drum, so God will!"



LUTHER AS VICAR-GENERAL.



LUTHER BEFORE CAJETAN.

It was the first distant lightning-flash, the premonitor of the coming storm. The Reformer was thus prepared for his work.

ILLUSTRATION IN FOUR COMPARTMENTS.*

[Below, Luther in the confessional refuses absolution to those penitents who rely on indulgences. To the left, Tetzel selling his ware and burning Luther's propositions, (theses.) In the center, Luther affixes his ninety-five propositions to the church-door. To the right, the students of Wittenberg burn Tetzel's reply.]

UNPRETENDINGLY began the greatest work of modern times by a German monk's affixing his ninety-five theses to the church-door at Wittenberg. But this unpretending beginning became soon the awakening cry to all Christianity.

"By Tetzel's, the seller of indulgences, audacious talk and abuse, he caused our

Luther to buckle on his spiritual armour, and seize David's sling and the sword of the Lord, which meaneth ardent prayer and the pure word of God; and relying for protection on his doctor's degree and his oath, he, in the name of God, assailed Tetzel and his indulgences, teaching boldly that they were dangerous delusions."

The fearless Tetzel had pushed rhetoric to the extremest limits of amplification. Boldly heaping pious lie on lie, he went into an enumeration of all the evils cured by this panacea, and, not contenting himself with known sins, invented crimes, devised strange, unheard-of wickednesses, of which no one had ever heard before; and when he saw his auditory struck with horror, coolly added, "Well, the instant money rattles in the pope's coffers, all will be expiated!"

Luther asserts that at this time he hardly knew what indulgences were; but when

* This engraving was inserted as a kind of frontispiece at the commencement of the series. — (See May Number.)

he saw a prospectus of them, proudly displaying the name and guarantee of the archbishop of Mentz, whom the pope had appointed to superintend the sale of indulgences in Germany, he was seized with indignation. A mere speculative problem would never have brought him into contact with his ecclesiastical superiors; but this was a question of good sense and morality. As doctor of theology, and an influential professor of the university of Wittenberg which the Elector had just founded, as provincial vicar of the Austin friars, and the vicar-general's substitute in the pastoral charge and visitation of Misnia and Thuringia, he, no doubt, thought himself more responsible than any one else for the safeguard of the Saxon faith. His conscience was aroused. He ran a great risk in speaking; but, if he held his tongue, he believed his damnation certain.

The artist represents in his sketch the church-doors at Wittenberg as symbolical of the great gate of the universal Christian Church, at which Luther knocks warningly and admonishingly with his propositions. Above his head we see the swan rising from the flames of the stake on which Huss suffered. The groups on each side, the flames lighted by Tetzel and by the Wittenberg students, indicate the warfare, the hidden beginning of which is shown in the confessional of Luther.

LUTHER BEFORE CAJETAN.

LUTHER appears before the pope's legate, Cardinal Cajetan, at Augsburg, to defend his doctrine. Although kneeling reverently, according to custom, he courageously refuses to recant as he is ordered.

Angered by the obstinate German, the Italian flings the written defense at his feet,



LUTHER LEAVING AUGSBURG.

saying wrathfully: "Appear not again before mine eyes, unless thou recant."

"Because he sat there representing the pope," are Luther's own words, "he insisted that I should submit and agree to all he said; while, on the contrary, all that I said against it was contemned and laughed at, although I quoted the Scriptures; in short, his fatherly love went no further than that I must suffer violence or recant, for he declared he would not dispute with me."

The artist has sought to depict the moment in which Luther picks up the paper

which Cajetan has thrown down, while his friend Staupitz, evidently frightened at the wrath of the Church dignitary, tries to pacify both. (See engraving on preceding page.) In the above picture we see Luther, according to the advice of his friends, and assisted by Staupitz and Councilor Langemantel, leaving Augsburg at night through a small portal: "Staupitz had procured me a horse, and sent an old horseman with me who was acquainted with the road. I hastened away, without breeches, boots, spurs, or sword, and reached Wittenberg."



THE REV. WILLIAM JAY.

IT was about the year 1783 that the Rev. Cornelius Winter, then in the prime of manhood, a zealous convert of Whitefield, and, like many other good men of the same class in those days, an itinerant preacher, added to his "circuit" the little village of Tisbury, in Wiltshire, England. Mr. Winter was a benevolent man, and fond of youth. At that time, indeed, he was settled in the town of Marlborough, and his circuit, unlike those divisions of the country bearing the same name under Wesley, was formed by himself alone. He resided permanently at the central station, and employed pupils of his own for supplying the village pulpits, if pulpits they were. In the days of his itinerancy, more properly so called, when his habits were more fully those of a Methodist, and his ordination and settle-

ment in a fixed abode had not made him altogether an Independent minister, he had often said that if he were ever settled, he would give some poor child a common education. Being settled with an income from his little church of £30 per annum, and married to a lady whose fortune brought in £25, the competence of £55 yearly encouraged him to carry the desire of his heart into execution; and he charitably took charge of the child of his deacon, a poor man—taught the child to decipher the alphabet, and persevered until he was made fit for business. Attracted by the fatherly solicitude of Mr. Winter toward this child, one or two other persons in inferior circumstances confided their children to his care; and on these beginnings rose the Academy at Marlborough. Mr. Winter could not be expected

to impart a finished education, inasmuch as he was originally but a servant man, and quite untaught; but partly under the care of Whitefield, and yet more by dint of self-discipline, he had acquired a tolerable amount of rudimentary and general knowledge. But his piety, benevolence, and unaffected earnestness in well-doing, made him an invaluable teacher of truths more precious than those of literature and science, and a foster-father to every youth that came under his care.

Among Mr. Winter's constant hearers in Tisbury, were a quarryman and stonemason named Jay, his wife, and children. One of these children, William, a boy of about fourteen when the congregation was first collected, and working with his father in the capacity of mason's laborer, used to listen with fixed attention to the plain, but affectionate discourse of good Cornelius Winter; and, as if drawn by the force of reverential admiration, got into the habit of taking a seat just at the foot of the pulpit stairs, where he could be near the preacher as he came in and went out. The good-natured smile of this boy won the attention of Mr. Winter, and as his mind rapidly unfolded, and his heart became affected by what he heard, an air of intelligence more keen than appeared in any of the rustic audience, induced him to notice him, speak to him, ascertain his name, and seek information concerning the occupation and character of his parents, and his own conduct. His "eye was upon him more immediately than upon any other in the congregation; his heart was unaccountably knit to him." "Why do you come here so constantly?" said he one day to the lad. "I don't know, sir, but I like to come," was the reply.

William Jay entered the hospitable dwelling of this man of God, wearing his working dress and iron-soled boots, rich with depositions of mortar, gathered during many a long day's hard work, and then the old coat and ponderous boots were not only exchanged for attire such as he probably had worn on Sundays, but the very boots and coat were laid up by his patron and Mrs. Winter, to be memorials of his original vocation; or, as one might say, of the rock whence he was hewed, and the quarry where he had wrought. And this was not the only remembrance of his humble beginning. Long after his

removal from the rude society of his father's fellow-workmen, it was currently related in Tisbury that he had set himself against their evil habit of profane swearing, and used to lecture them roundly thereupon, until people looked upon him as a young Methodist, and the rougher sort would make merry with him about his "*sarments*." And this plainly enough shows that before he forsook the hod for the lexicon, his mind and life were habitually under the power of religion. There is no record as yet extant of the time or manner when he first made open declaration of his determination to forsake the follies of the world: but there is this evidence, that he did rise above their influence; and it is but reasonable to regard him as a living fruit of Mr. Winter's gratuitous and self-denying toil as a village preacher. Let village preachers take heart, then, and venture to hope that their labors, humble as they are, may draw forth other brilliant ornaments of humanity, to shine in the great world, and give the first impulse to nascent luminaries, whose virtues shall enlighten other generations.

With a sort of fatherly pride, Mr. Winter entered on the charge of his rustic pupil, and already showed him to his friends, as if he had set it down for certain that he was the rudiment of a great man. Introducing him to a family, a member of which afterward became one of Mr. Jay's first and most devoted deacons in Bath, he is recorded to have laid his hand upon his head, and said, "There is more under this cap than you think for."

Strong was the attachment of Mr. Jay to his patron. The first volume that he ever wrote was a collection of letters, and a short memoir of his life, of which the first edition bears date April 1, 1808, and contains some very characteristic sentences. "I know not," he says, "whether there has been a wakeful hour since his death, (nearly eleven weeks before,) in which I have not thought of the deceased, or that I have written a page concerning him without tears; for tears have been my meat." But he also says, "I have labored with pleasure, and rejoice in the enterprise, from a persuasion that what I have written from the warmest affection and the highest regard, will be ratified by the public voice; and that I am doing good to others while I have an opportunity to indulge my own feelings, and to ac-

knowledge the obligations to my dear and honored friend and benefactor, which I shall never be able to discharge. To him I owe all my respectability in life, and all my opportunities of public usefulness."

And, on the other hand, Mr. Winter bears honorable testimony to the character and deportment of the youthful inmate of his family, telling him in one of his letters, that "to all that was amiable and kind in his dear friend, under God," that family was in part indebted for their happiness. He contributed his quota to it, and had his share in return. "O blessed villages!" exclaimed the good old pastor in a rapture of grateful recollection, "O blessed villages which were favored with your ministerial abilities! O highly favored Marlborough, whose streets were then occasionally thronged with them who went to and from the house of God, and had their hearts filled with joy and gladness! I bless the Lord for all he has since done for you and by you." The discipline of the house was easy; there was little or no academical formality; instead of lectures were familiar conversations and "breakfast and tea readings," and young Mr. Jay took his full share of village preaching, going into the highways and hedges, in good old style, to compel the attention of the ignorant and ungodly. The exigencies of those times, the extraordinary religious excitement that prevailed in almost all parts of the country, the laxity, too, of ecclesiastical discipline, both in the Established Church and out of it, with a powerful reaction against forms and rules which had superseded piety instead of guarding and guiding it, justified or suffered many proceedings which could not be often repeated with advantage, in such days as ours, and thus only can we account for the haste with which this young man was sent out to preach before he was sixteen years of age. Before he was twenty-one, he had preached nearly one thousand sermons. Mr. Jay himself, in after-life, would not probably have exposed a youth to so severe an incentive to vanity; but he was under a tutor whose authority he felt bound not to dispute, and the state of the villages around was truly deplorable. Compassionating the multitudes who were "perishing for lack of knowledge," that venerable tutor sent his students to address them early. The rude rustics, too, required neither depth

nor accuracy; they only yearned after some knowledge of those cardinal verities which began to be dispersed over the land, on the wings of rumor, and crowded around any one, man or boy, whom they thought able to bring them more exact intelligence. But Mr. Jay's own account of this part of his life is better than any second-hand representation of it.

"In some of these villages I have preached down many a live-long Sabbath, in the homely cottage, on the green before the door, or in some open place in the road, or in a field hard by. How often have I wished to revisit all these hamlets! But, alas! how few should I now find alive, and who would be able to remember—what I was always then called—the boy preacher. Many of these places we supplied on week-day evenings, as well as on the Sabbath, as we could afford time and assistance. To many of them we walked on foot; from some of them we returned, for the want of accommodation, the same evening, whatever was the weather; and from none of them received we the least remuneration. We seldom encountered persecution. This depends very much always on the preacher; and our prudent tutor taught us not to rail and abuse, but simply to preach the truth, and to avoid the offense of folly, when we could not avoid the offense of the cross. I shall never forget with what eagerness and feeling these villagers received the words of life. The common people heard us gladly, and the poor had the gospel preached unto them; not by the 'poor man's Church,' but by those who *then* supplied their lack of service."

But we must now follow him into more public life. He was born, it must be noted, on the first day of May, 1769. Counting from the date to the time when Mr. Winter broke up his establishment at Marlborough, and removed to Painswick, where he was welcomed on the second day of August, 1788, we should say that Mr. Jay must have been a little over his nineteenth year when he entered on the duties of a Christian pastor. Gladly would he have sheltered himself from so heavy a responsibility, and avoided the assumption of that character for a year or two longer, for although he had been "a boy preacher," he was not self-confident. It was only as a youth that he, in common with others, perhaps not much

older, had pursued those cottage and field-preachings, and the studies and discipline of each day were counteractive of any vanity that might spring from the commendations of the ignorant. But it would seem that Mr. Winter had brought himself to the verge of difficulties, by self-renouncing charity to others, and it became necessary for his pupil, now thrown on the world, to seek some humbler settlement. Such a one he found in the village of Christian Malford. No doubt Christain Malford is a place where any common man might hide himself effectually, but this youth had made himself too well-known to be concealed. He had already won the respect of hundreds in that very neighborhood, and each time he raised his voice he added to his popularity. With a salary of thirty-five pounds per annum, he calculated on living humbly and happily in private lodgings, devoting his days to study, preparing for a wider sphere, and waiting until the lapse of time should bring him to an age that the world would accredit as mature. He tried to be obscure. But this might not be. Frequent applications to render occasional service, drew him into neighboring places, and threw him into an ever widening circle.

It was at this time, and before he had reached his twentieth year, that the Rev. Rowland Hill invited him to preach in Surrey Chapel. Perhaps the announcement of so youthful an orator might have been attractive to a large audience, but the hearers were far from being disappointed, and the crowd was so great that, after the service, he had to address, from a window of the chapel-house, a multitude that thronged the chapel-yard, and not being able to find admission to the sermon lingered there in hope of catching a glimpse of the young man, or hearing a word from his lips. He occupied the pulpit of Surrey Chapel several times, and addressed immense congregations. Once the Rev. John Newton was present; and after observing the germs of future excellence, and considering how strong must be the pressure of temptation to pride by such extreme popularity, he followed the young preacher into the house after service, and gave him some affectionate and faithful advice, which he treasured with gratitude, and often made respectful mention of in after life.

He also began to preach in Bath, where he supplied the pulpit on account of the sickness of the minister, whom he afterward succeeded, and there met with Lady Maxwell, who engaged him to officiate in her chapel. This severed him from the little congregation of Christian Malford, and brought him to the town with which his name will always be associated: for "Jay of Bath" can never be forgotten. Lady Maxwell invited him to take charge of this congregation; and, at the same time, the Rev. Mr. Tuppen, the Independent minister, for whom he had often preached, being on his death-bed, named him as his successor. The Argyle-street Chapel was then in course of completion: but Mr. Tuppen, for whom it was erected, did not recover to occupy it, and on Sunday, Oct. 4th, 1789, Mr. Jay preached the first sermon therein. Mr. Tuppen died February 22d, 1790; and on January 30th, 1791, Mr. Jay was ordained to the pastorate of that Church, and opened his ministry to the flock, now become his own, by preaching from the words: "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter," with allusion, no doubt, to the perplexity in which he had been involved by diversity of proposals and by conflicting views, both in himself and others. His honored friend and tutor, of all men the most proper for such a service, delivered the ordination charge.

Bath, it should be observed, was then a very different place from what it is now. It was far more celebrated. The baths were in the height of their reputation. There were the noble, the gay, the dissolute. The spirit of Beau Nash still haunted that theater of profusion and folly. Even the languishing came thither that they might struggle against death, amid the warbling of songs and the vibration of dances. It was a Paphos. Yet religion, as we have seen, had some genteel followers even in Bath, and it was a noble lady who had sought to enlist Mr. Jay's talent and fervor on its side: but even listeners to the gospel were fastidious. "For such a situation," to borrow the words of his friend, the Rev. J. A. James, "Mr. Jay was eminently suited. Attractive in personal appearance, with a voice of music, a demeanor that combined the simplicity of village manners with the inartificial polish of the city: and what was more than all, and better

than all, with a deeply-rooted piety in his own heart, and a rich unction of evangelical truth in his sermons, he was suited to the place and the place to him. His ministry soon drew upon him, not only the eyes of the citizens, but of those who came there as visitors; and as, at that time, Bath was not favored, as it happily now is, with evangelical ministrations in the pulpits of the Church of England, the pious, and many of the illustrious members of that communion, who came there either for recreation or health, were glad to avail themselves of the benefit of his acceptable public services and of his private friendship. Among these were Wilberforce and Hannah More. Unworthy attempts have been made to conceal the friendship of these distinguished individuals for Mr. Jay. His autobiography, however, will successfully draw aside the veil which has been cast over this subject, and prove how close was the intimacy between the liberator of Africa, the holy and lofty authoress of *Barley Wood*, and the minister of Argyle Chapel."

Nobles and bishops drove up to Argyle Chapel and heard him with delight. Senators and comedians, each in his own way, came to profit by his eloquence, which was as unaffected as it was devout; except, indeed, when with flashes of wit, and strokes of satire, that thickened as he advanced, he poured a ridicule upon prevailing vices that must have made some of his hearers contemptible in their own eyes, which was just what he desired. Never ashamed of his origin, he did not talk about it, with an idle ostentation of humility, but from the affluence which had fallen on him unsought, it was his care to supply his father and mother in Tisbury with all they needed for the comfort of their advancing age; and as long as they lived they were sustained by his filial care. "Is your name Jay?" said a stranger, who once found out the cottage, and was curious to enter the birth-place of the man who was at that time a prince of pulpit orators. "Ay," said the old man, "my name is Jeay." "Have you got a son?" "Yes, I've 'a got a son in Bath. That's Passon Jeay. Ay! bless 'im!" And then the old gentleman and his wife, with a simplicity like that inherited by the "Passon" himself, related at great length the bounties and the tendernesses of their noble and reverend child, who

loved and honored them no less than when he lived in that mean dwelling, and knew no vocation higher than his father's craft.

The even career of a preacher, however eminent, cannot afford much incident to his biographer. The most remarkable period of Mr. Jay's life was that which we have already traced; and all that now remains for us to do is to gather a few notices of his manner of preaching, his course of life, and the calm and glorious eventide in which that life closed.

His voice, as it has been truly said, can never be forgotten by one who has heard it once. Its fine barytone soothed the audience, and prepared the way for the teaching or admonition that should follow; and, while his eloquence was capable of great variety, he chiefly excelled in the expression of tenderness. His object was to produce impression, not indeed on the imagination, but on the heart; and, aiming at this, he threw aside, whenever occasion required, mere pulpit conventionalities. Curt, grave, impressive, he strove to concentrate as much meaning as possible within the compass of his sentences; and sometimes breaking off the current of thought, he would catch a conception fresh as it came, letting it serve his end even if it interrupted his argument. The first words of a discourse were often abrupt, and even foreign from the subject to be treated, but they served his purpose of winning the ear, and perhaps the heart, of some hearer at the same time. They were like an arrow just shot at a venture—a first essay of the elasticity of the bow that he was bending. And he bent that bow, and leveled those shafts, with an intensity of satisfaction that was apparent in every lineament of his expressive countenance, and fully justified a saying of his own, that he would rather be a preacher of the gospel than the angel that should blow the trumpet at the last day. And the soul, and emphasis, and music of his discourse was such that oftentimes, as we have heard, an accustomed hearer—one who knew and loved the man—confessed he could almost imagine, as the long-loved voice came upon his ear, that it was indeed the utterance of an angel. The sententiousness of his discourses was made happily subservient to their perspicuity, and tended to fix both sermon and doctrine on the memory. A beautiful

illustration of this was furnished, not long ago, by one of his congregation when on his death-bed. He was an aged man. For the last time he heard his pastor preach from these words: "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." The old pilgrim returned no more to Argyle Chapel, but lay at home enjoying in frequent meditation the lessons he had learned there. This last sermon dwelt much in his thoughts. "I wish," said he, "I could give you some idea of a discourse so suitable to my present circumstances; but though my memory serves me, my speech begins to fail. But think of this:—

"1. My presence shall go with thee, to *guide* thee; and I will give thee rest from *perplexity*.

"2. My presence shall go with thee, to *guard* thee; and I will give thee rest from *apprehension*.

"3. My presence shall go with thee, to *supply* thee; and I will give thee rest from *want*.

"4. My presence shall go with thee to *comfort* thee; and I will give thee rest from *sorrow*."

Here was nothing scholastic, nothing labored; but here was the voice of a faithful shepherd, sounding in the memory and cheering the soul of one of his flock, while passing through the dark valley and shadow of death. "His speech," says a member of his congregation, and one who is himself no stranger to the occupation of a pulpit, "his speech is calm and steady, indicating a mind self-reliant, possessed, content with the divine majesty of his theme. As he speaks, you glide with him through a galaxy of light; and yet he seems indifferent to the graces or other arts of eloquence; never says a word too much, or a word too little: dreams not of a Demosthenes, yet is a Boanerges; reckes not of gaudy words, yet is

'When unadorn'd adorn'd the more.'

"How hushed is the assembly! With what power of conviction his plain, manly, devout sentences fix the soul upon his lips, the eye upon his face! Yet what he says, we almost fancy all knew before; but who could have spoken it like him? If we fancy we can, let us try. No; it is not a pastor's robe that makes a pastor's heart; and we believe the best eloquence is born there." During the greatest part

of his life he preached *extempore*, as it is called, but it would be more correct to say, without verbal preparation. Latterly, on great public occasions, he read his sermons, perhaps conscious of less of that buoyancy of spirit, which once rose freely to the height of the theme and overcame the exigency of the moment. Even in his ordinary discourses he aided his memory by short notes, but in private expressed regret that he had fallen into this new habit, finding it often a hinderance rather than a help. Every one who describes his manner, mentions the emphasis he threw into his reading. The simplicity of language in which a granddaughter of his own describes that perfection of a good reader, conveys a clearer idea of it than could be given in an elaborate description. "—walked down at seven to hear dear grandpapa. He preached a most glorious sermon upon 'the manifestation of the sons of God.' I doubt if you can possibly imagine our feelings when the venerable silver head appeared in the pulpit, and then bent in silent prayer. The expression, with which he reads is wonderful—his words distill as the dew; so softly, and yet so effectually do they fall. His manner of emphasizing some passages gives you an entirely new view of them."

The last words—except the benediction—that he ever delivered in Argyle Chapel, were in a sermon on the morning of Sunday, July 25th, 1852, which closed in a manner that might almost seem prophetic. With great feeling he quoted these verses from the Apocalypse: "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple, and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." He made no comment, and how could he? But he pronounced these final words: "If this be heaven, O that I were there!"

His home was made happy by the charm of a lovely temper and pure example. Temperance and early rising helped to keep him alive to green old age, and some of his habits were peculiar. He rose at

six, breakfasted at seven, and took exercise after breakfast. In winter, or in rainy weather, his exercise consisted in chopping firewood. An amusing story is told of his wood-chopping. Lustily at work one morning in his cellar in Percy Place, the quick ear of a policeman caught the reverberation of his blows, and at length, fancying that some operation was going on inconsistent with his own notions of public order, the guardian of the peace roared through the grating—"I say, there, what's all this noise about? What are you doing there?" "What am I doing here! I'm chopping wood. Hasn't a man a right to do what he likes in his own house?" It can scarcely be necessary to say that the honest author of the "Address to Masters of Families," discharged, in his own household, the duties of a Christian master; and that the writer of the "Morning and Evening Exercises," ministered faithfully at his own domestic altar.

On the completion of his fiftieth year as pastor at Argyll Chapel, his flock held a sort of jubilee, and, on that occasion, a beautiful purse was presented to him, containing six hundred and fifty sovereigns fresh from the mint. Mr. Jay received the gift, and turning to his wife, who was present with him at the meeting convened on the occasion, addressed her thus:—"I take this purse, and present it to you, madam—to you, madam, who have always kept my purse, and therefore it is that it has been so *well* kept. Consider it entirely sacred—for your pleasure, your use, your service, your comfort. I feel this to be unexpected by you, but it is perfectly deserved. Mr. Chairman and Christian friends, I am sure there is not one here but would acquiesce in this, if he knew the value of this lady as a wife for more than fifty years. I must mention the obligation the *public* are under to her—if I have been enabled to serve my generation—and how much she has raised her sex in my estimation; how much my Church and congregation owe to her watching over their pastor's health, whom she has cheered under all his trials, and reminded of his duties, while she animated him in their performance. How often she has wiped the evening dews from his forehead, and freed him from interruption and embarrassments that he might be free for his work! How much also do my

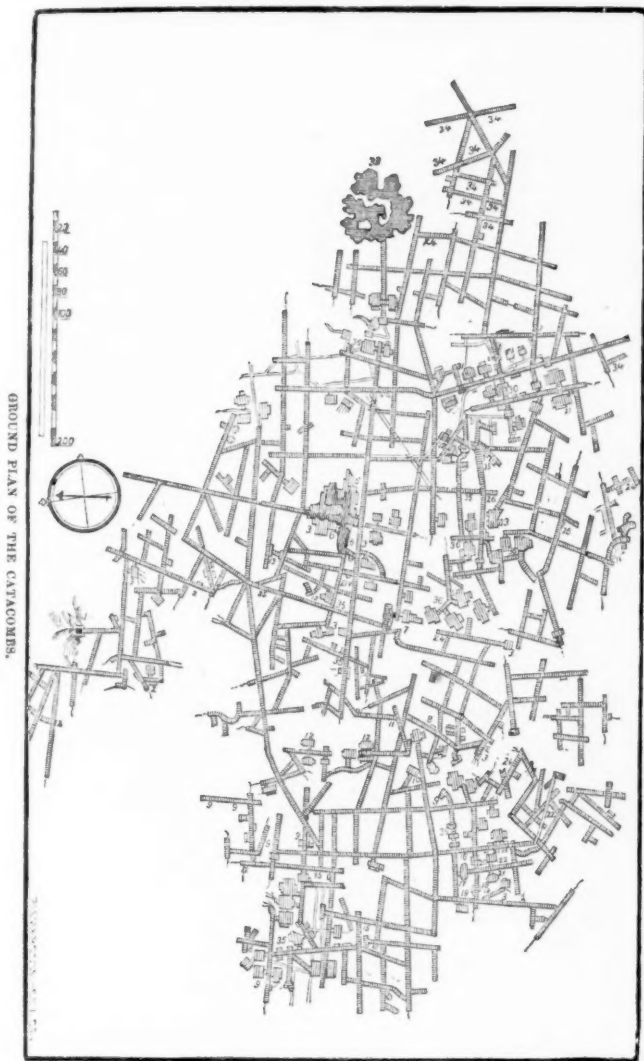
family owe to her! and what reason they have to call her blessed! She is, too, the mother of another mother in America, who has reared thirteen children, all of whom are walking with her in the way everlasting."

When Mr. Jay had reached his eighty-fourth year, and was also suffering under an attack of a painful disease, he deemed it right to resign his pulpit. It was in April, 1853, that he sent in his final resignation. There had been some discomfort in the congregation, in consequence of difficulties that arose concerning the settlement of a co-pastor, or of supplies. But, with a generous cordiality, "the Church assigned him an annuity of £200 per annum for life, out of the income of the place." But he did not live much longer.

For many years, he had anticipated the end of his career. On his meeting a good old man once, this pithy colloquy took place between them. "How do you do?" said Jay. "I am longing to leave this world," said the weary pilgrim; "I am tired of it." "I am tired of it too," was the reply; "but I must work on, until it pleases God to give me rest." And later, he remarked, "that he had known, in his time, many excellent and eminent men, all of whom were gone into eternity; but," said he, "of late they all seem to stand *nearer* to me than they ever were." The truth is, that he was nearer them. The last hours of his life were calm.

"On my referring," says Rev. J. A. James, "to that expression in the ninety-first psalm, as applicable to his own case, 'With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation;' 'Ah!' he replied, 'I have known the fulfillment of every part of the psalm but the last verse, and I *shall* know that in an hour.'" That hour soon came. He departed December 27th, 1853.

SWEDISH NAMES.—Few of the Swedish peasants have surnames, and in consequence their children simply take their father's Christian name in addition to their own: for example, if the father's name be Sven Larson, his sons', in consequence, would be Jan or Nils Svens-son; and his daughters', Maria or Eliza Svens-daughter. The confusion that this system creates would be endless, were it not that in all matters of business the residence of the party is usually attached to his name.



THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

THEIR INSCRIPTIONS AND LESSONS.

WE noticed, last month, the volume of Bishop Kip, on the Catacombs of Rome. Notwithstanding the meagerness of their inscriptions and their very defective artistic execution, these memorials of primitive Christianity are exceedingly interesting and momentous for at least their negative evidence on certain ques-

tions of theological debate. We acknowledge ourselves indebted to Bishop Kip for much entertainment and no little instruction, and we yield to the temptation to lay before our readers, in a leisurely review, some outlines of the subject, aided by his data and engravings.

What is the history, what the inscrip-

tions and symbols, and what the lessons of these ancient cemeteries?

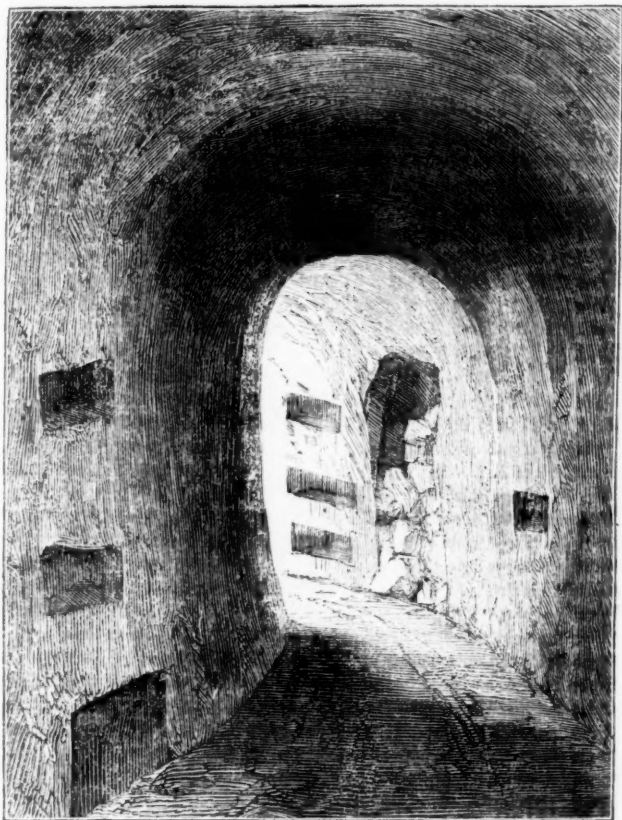
We propose, in answering these questions, to present a summary of the whole subject.

It will not be necessary, we trust, to ask the reader to excuse the roughness of our cuts; they would hardly be compatible with the subject and scenes of our remarks were they finer; they are used only as "illustrations," and we may be allowed to insert them, in addition to the more elegant engravings, given in other columns.

The ground-plan, already presented, may afford some idea of this subterranean city of the dead, and yet a very inadequate one, for it is an outline (from Arringhi's "Roma Subterranea") of only a portion of the immense labyrinth—that known as the Cemetery of St. Calixtus. At least fifty different cemeteries have been enumerated, and how far these may be connected by crypts and galleries is unknown; it is absolutely impossible to explore them thoroughly; the passages are exceedingly intricate, and many of them have been rendered impassable by rubbish, and then the peril from the caving in of the walls, rendering all return hopeless, hunts the explorer amidst their dark and endless mazes. Professor Silliman says that they extend twenty miles to Ostia, the port of Rome, in one direction, and twelve miles to Albano in another. Bishop Kip says: "It is certain that many miles from the church of St. Sebastian," where he entered them, "there are openings into the Catacombs; but whether they communicate with those which are entered at that place, it is impossible to determine. The probability is, that all this section of country without the gates of Rome is excavated so as to form a perfect labyrinth of passages. They resemble a subterranean city with its streets and alleys, and so encircle the walls, that they have been called 'the encampment of the Christian host besieging pagan Rome, and driving inward its mines and trenches with an assurance of final victory.'" Old Baronius describes them as they appeared in his day, when they were but partially explored. "They were," he says, "not only used for the purpose of burying the dead, (whence they derive their name,) but likewise in time of persecution as a hiding-place for Christians. Wonderful places are these! We

have seen and often explored the cemetery of Priscilla, lately discovered and cleared on the Salarian Way, at the third mile-stone from the city. This, from its extent, and its many various paths, I call by no more appropriate name than a subterranean city. From the entrance onward opens out a principal street, wider than the rest. Others diverge from it at frequent intervals; these again are separated off into narrower ways and blind alleys. Moreover, as is the case in cities, broader spaces open out in particular spots, each like a kind of forum, for holding the sacred assemblies; these are adorned with images of the saints. Apertures have likewise been pierced (though now blocked up) for receiving the light from above. The city was amazed at discovering that she had in her suburbs long-concealed towns, now filled only with sepulchers, but once Christian colonies in days of persecution."

Our countryman Cole, the artist, visited them during a sojourn at Rome: "I have seen that to-day," he says, "which will be a lasting subject of thought—which has made an impression on my mind that can never be effaced—the Catacombs of St. Agnes. The entrance, about two miles out of the Porta Pia, is by a flight of steps, partly antique, I believe. At the bottom, we found ourselves in a narrow passage cut in the tufa rock. On either hand were excavations in the walls, of various dimensions, which contain the bones of the early Christians. For two hours we wandered in these gloomy regions. Now and then we came to a chapel. The passages were, in general, about six feet wide, and from five to twelve high, arched, and sometimes plastered. The cells are in tiers, one above another. Many of them were open, and disclosed the moldering bones of those who flourished in the first centuries of the Christian Church. Others were closed by tiles, or slabs of marble with cement, which appeared with the impressions of the trowel as fresh as yesterday. Here were the remains of the early martyrs of Christianity. You know them by the small lamp, and the little phial or vase which once contained some of their blood. These vessels were inserted in the cement that sealed up their graves. Impressions of coins and medals, and the date of the interment, are also to be seen in the cement, with in-



OPENING OF A GALLERY IN THE CATACOMBS.

scriptions marked with the point of the trowel, usually the name of the individual, with the words, 'in pace,' or 'dormit in pace.' What pictures cannot the imagination paint here! Yet nothing is so impressive as the reality; scenes where Christian hope triumphed over affliction; where the ceremonies of their holy religion were performed far from the light of day. The chapels are generally ornamented with pictures, some of which are in good preservation. They are rudely executed, but with some spirit."

We insert a rough engraving of the opening of one of the larger galleries. The light is seen at the entrance; on the right and left are examples of the graves, in three tiers; there is also a lateral passage blocked up to prevent the visitor from losing himself in its windings. Not far

from it, between two graves, is a small square hole, designed probably to contain the vial or cup mentioned by Cole, of which more hereafter.

Bishop Kip describes minutely the areas or chapels referred to in our quotation from Baronius. They are mostly mere expansions of the passages. The earliest are extremely rude, with the graves of the martyrs cut into the soft stone of the wall on every side. Here the first Christians of Rome held their simple worship, sheltered from the pursuit of the persecutor. It is not improbable, as Bishop Kip intimates, that men who had seen our blessed Lord, worshiped him here with the earliest Christians of the eternal city. In time these "chapels" were improved in their architectural style. Their stone roofs were elevated,



CHAPEL IN THE CATACOMBS—NO. I.

and holes excavated in them for the admission of light. These openings are yet frequently seen in the Campagna; they are mentioned often in the "Acts of the Martyrs." It is recorded, for instance, that a Christian maiden named Candida was martyred by being thrown through one of these light openings into the crypt and overwhelmed with stones.

Subsequently, when the Church had triumphed in the city, and fallen, alas, as well as triumphed, these refuges of her first heroes became the resorts of superstition and the scenes of votive honors. Some of the chapels were highly ornamented. As early as A. D. 400, the tomb of Hippolytus was decorated with "Parian marble and precious metals. The roof was extended and vaulted, and the skill of the artist exhausted in representing sacred subjects on the walls."

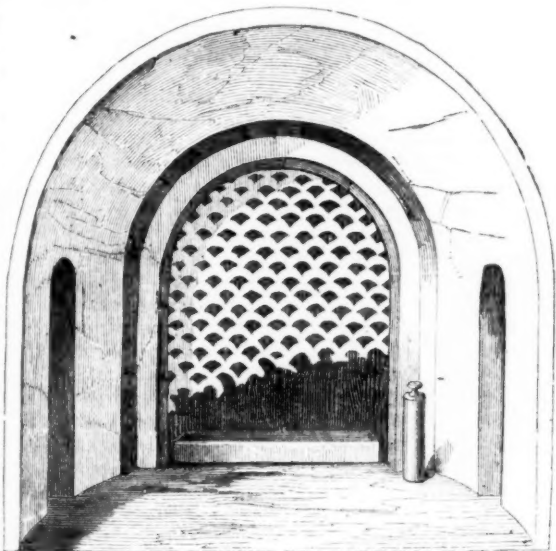
The above engraving of one of the later and improved chapels contrasts with the rude outline presented in our last cut.

It presents a noble architectural effect,— "An instance," says Bishop Kip, "of the 'arched monument,'—a grave cut like a sarcophagus from the rock, and an arch constructed above it."

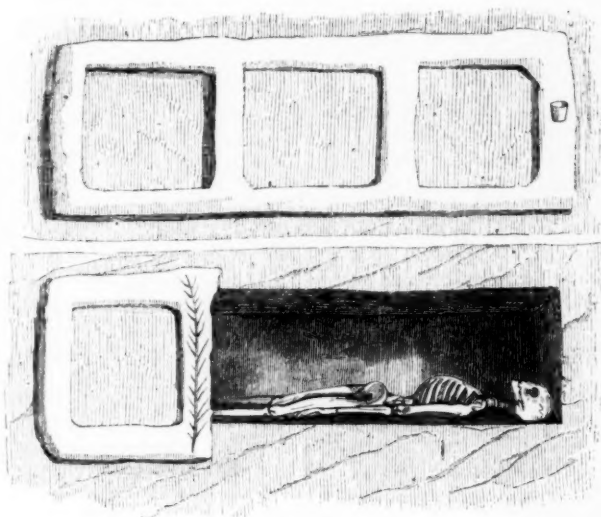
In the cut, which we give below, the recess for the body, at the extremity of the chapel, is partitioned by a cancellated slab of marble, which is now partly shattered. The largest of these chapels will admit about eighty persons.

We have already described the graves as inserted in the walls of the galleries. They were inclosed by a thin marble slab, sometimes by terra-cotta, fastened to the walls by cement. We give, on the opposite page, an engraving of two graves, one of which is open, exposing to view the skeleton remains; the other being yet sealed with three slabs of cotta. The reader will notice the cup and palm, rudely cut, perhaps scratched upon the stone by the trowel of the untutored mason, probably a poor member of the persecuted brotherhood. "It was thus," says Bishop Kip, "that on these slabs were cut the Christian emblems which the early followers of our Lord so much delighted to use, and there too they scrawled the brief epitaphs by which, in that age of fear and persecution, they marked the resting place of the brethren. While everything around speaks of suffering, it tells also of the simple earnest faith of men, with whom the glories of the next world had swallowed up all the pains of their brief mortal pilgrimage."

The bishop entered the Catacombs, as



CHAPEL IN THE CATACOMBS—NO. II.



GRAVES IN THE CATACOMBS.

we have said, at the Church of St. Sebastian; this section is considered by antiquarians to have been the earliest occupied by the Christians, and is therefore the most interesting to the Christian visitor. We may add Bishop Kip's description, to those already given from Baronius and Cole; he felt the inspiration of the place: "The intricate passages cross and recross, often not more than three feet wide, and so low that we were obliged to stoop. The difficulty of following them is greater from the fact, that they are generally constructed in three stories, so that you constantly meet with steps which ascend or descend. At times, however, they expand into apartments arched overhead, and large enough to contain a small company. On each side are cavities in which were placed the bodies of the dead, and small apertures where lamps were found. But few sarcophagi were discovered here, and these probably date from the fourth century, when persecution had ceased, and more of the higher classes had begun to hand in their adherence to the faith. Before this, no pomp or ceremony attended the burial of the Christians, when their friends hastily laid them in these dark vaults. They sought not the sculptured marble to inclose their remains, but were contented with the rude emblems which were carved

above, merely to show that for the body resting there they expected a share in the glory of the resurrection. Very many of the graves are those of children, and sometimes a whole family are interred together. The cavities were cut into the soft stone, just large enough for the body, with a semi-circular excavation for the head, and the opening was closed with a thin slab of marble. It was, indeed, a most interesting scene, as we followed the old monk with his trailing garments and noiseless tread through these dark and silent passages. On each side of us were the yawning graves. For a moment they seemed to open, as the taper we carried brought them into the little circle of light, and then, as we passed, they closed again in the darkness. We were wandering among the dead in Christ, who more than sixteen centuries ago were borne to their rest. Around us were the remains of some, who, perhaps, had listened to the voices of apostles, and who lived while men were still upon the earth who had seen Jesus of Nazareth, as he went on his pilgrimage through the length and breadth of Judea. It was a scene, however, to be felt more than to be described—a place in which to gather materials for thought for all our coming days, carrying us back, as it did, to the earliest ages of our faith—ages when the only strife was,

as to who should be foremost in that contest through which their Lord was to 'inherit the earth' The holy spirit of the place—the *genius loci*—seemed to impress itself upon all. They were hushed into a reverential silence; or, if they spoke, it was in low and subdued tones. Yet we were glad to ascend the worn steps, and find ourselves once more in the church above. We noticed, indeed, that the corners we turned in these intricate passages were marked with white paint to guide us, yet a sudden current of air extinguishing our lights would make these signs useless, and from the crumbling nature of the rock there is always danger of the caving in of a gallery, or some other accident, which might involve a party in one common fate. We were told, indeed, that no longer ago than 1837, a school of nearly thirty youth, with their teacher, descended into these Catacombs on a visit, and never reappeared. The passage through which they entered, and which has since been walled up, was pointed out to us. Every search was made, but in vain; and somewhere in these labyrinths they are moldering by the side of the early disciples of our faith. The scene which then was exhibited in these dark passages, and the chill which gradually crept over their young spirits as hope yielded to despair, could be described only by Dante, in terms in which he has portrayed the death of Ugolino and his sons in the Tower of Famine, at Pisa."

Such is a rapid glance at this terrasancta—these vast subterranean regions. Before referring more fully to their inscriptions and the deductions to be drawn from them, let us cast our glance back a little over their history. Their origin is lost in the obscurity of the distant vista. They are the remains of a period anterior to the founding of Rome. Under the name of *Etruscans*, historians speak of a people who, like the Aztecs of our own Continent, preceded all authentic history on the Italian peninsula. Ruins, massive ruins, which would have required these stupendous quarries, remain to attest their greatness; but their language is undeciphered—as unintelligible as that on the marvelous monuments of Central America. The museums of Italy are crowded with monuments of their art; but these reflect no revelation of their epoch. These amazing excavations about Rome are attributed to

them, and we doubt not most correctly; but when they were wrought no one can even conjecture. Similar evidences of a mighty primeval race are traced, not only throughout the southern part of Italy, but in Sicily, the Isles of the Mediterranean, in Greece and Asia Minor—Cyclopean and Pelasgian monuments and the quarries whence they were derived.

The rocky earth about Rome is easily worked; it consists of puzzolana, "a volcanic or sandy rock, well adapted for the excavation of long galleries." At the advent of Christianity the disciples in the eternal city found in them at once asylums from persecution, sanctuaries for worship, and graves for their dead. They became, as we have quoted from an eloquent writer, "the encampment of the Christian host besieging pagan Rome, and driving inward its mines and trenches, with an assurance of final victory." It is probable that the *Arenarii*, or sand-diggers and quarrymen—the lowest class of the people—became the first Christians of Rome; they knew the labyrinthine passages of the subterranean city; and thus was provided a refuge for the Church in the "fiery trials" of its early persecutions. Bishop Kip, whose fervid and devout spirit seems always congenial with his theme, asks—"May we not trace in this the hand of a protecting Providence? The Church was about to enter the furnace of affliction, and to be encircled by the rage of the adversaries; here, then, had previously been provided a sure refuge, where it could abide until the storm was overpast. This was the cradle of the infant community. And, perhaps, we may go a step further, and assert, that while the Church in Rome owed much of the rapidity of its triumph to the protection afforded by the Catacombs, by furnishing a place of refuge where the faithful generally had a secure retreat, in later times the lessons taught by these ancient sepulchers must have long served to arrest the progress of innovation, as the Roman Christians beheld recorded, before their eyes, evidences of the faith held 'in their fathers' day, and in the old time before them.' That the Catacombs were, throughout, well known to the early Christians, is evident; for all parts bear trace of their occupancy. We meet on every side with tombs and chapels, paintings and inscriptions, and for three hundred years the entire Christian population

of Rome found sepulture in these recesses. The 'Acts of the Martyrs' relate many attempts made by the persecutors of the early Christians, to trace them in these retreats. But the entrances were so numerous, scattered for miles over the Campagna, and the labyrinths below so complicated, and blocked up in various places, that pursuit was generally useless. Occasionally, however, these efforts were successful, and the Catacombs became not only the burial-place of the martyrs, but also the scene of their last sufferings."

Several instances of martyrdom in the Catacombs are on record, and it is probable that terrific scenes of slaughter—the shouts of the persecutors and soldiery, mingling with the hymns, prayers and sobs of the hunted martyr throngs—were often witnessed by these solemn retreats. There is an inscription on a martyr's tomb which, with the usual brevity and simplicity of those records, refers affectingly to an incident of the kind. It is dated in the Fifth Persecution, A. D. 161.

"GENVA ENIM FLECTENS VERO DEO SACRIFICATVRVS AD SVPLICIA DVCTVRO TEMPORA INFAVSTA QVIBVS INTER SACRA ET VOTA NE IN CAVERNIS QVIDEM SALVARI POSSIMVS."

"For while on his knees, and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O sad times! in which sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, afford no protection to us!"

Throughout the series of terrible persecutions which, in attempting to annihilate only sustained and kept pure the primitive Church of Rome, these caverns are often referred to, even in the edicts of the government, and it was sometimes proposed to destroy them, as the only way to destroy the ever resuscitating sect. Lord Lindsay (*Christian Art*, vol. i, p. 4) says eloquently:—"To our classic associations, indeed, Rome was still, under Trajan and the Antonines, the city of the Cæsars, the metropolis of pagan idolatry—in the pages of her poets and historians we still linger among the triumphs of the capitol, the shows of the Coliseum—or if we read of a Christian being dragged before the tribunal, or exposed to the beasts, we think of him as one of a scattered community, few in number, spiritless in action, and politically insignificant. But all this while there was living beneath the visible, an invisible Rome—a population unheeded, unreckoned—thought of vaguely, vaguely

spoken of, and with the familiarity and indifference that men feel who live on a volcano; yet a population strong-hearted, of quick impulses, nerved alike to suffer or to die, and in numbers, resolution, and physical force, sufficient to have hurled their oppressors from the throne of the world, had they not deemed it their duty to kiss the rod, to love their enemies, to bless those that cursed them, and to submit, for their Redeemer's sake, to the 'powers that be.' Here, in these 'dens and caves of the earth,' they lived; here, they died—a 'spectacle' in their lifetime 'to men and angels,' and on their death a 'triumph' to mankind—a triumph of which the echoes still float around the walls of Rome, and over the desolate Campagna, while those that once thrilled the capitol are silenced, and the walls that returned them have long since crumbled into dust."

After three hundred years of refuge, and suffering, and praying, in these dark intricacies, the sufferers triumphed. Their cause could not die. "Christianity," says Bishop Kip, "emerging from these recesses, walked boldly on the soil beneath which she had so long been glad to seek concealment." The labyrinth of rude alleys had become walled with the graves of martyrs—men, women, and little children—who had counted not their lives dear unto them in comparison with fidelity to their Lord; and now pilgrims resorted to them for meditation and prayer. Jerome records his visits with his Roman brethren. The dying, not now allowed to share the honors of martyrdom with the humble saints of the Catacombs, wished, nevertheless, to share their graves; and, writes our author, "Popes and prelates, kings and queens, emperors and empresses, the highest in rank and the most devout in life, or most penitent in death, were for some centuries interred in these crypts, in the neighborhood of the tombs of Roman slaves and criminals, Christian laborers and hewers of stone, and the early martyrs. Even from the remote parts of Europe, the bodies of illustrious persons were carried thither for sepulture, as, a few centuries later, princes and nobles commanded in their wills, that their bodies, or at least their hearts, should be carried to Palestine and buried in the Holy Land." Macfarlane gives the names of at least ten kings and emperors

who were buried there—ignoble though royal dust among the precious remains of the thousands of unknown martyrs whose "record," scarcely traceable on these walls, shines in living light "on high."

Bishop Kip traces, somewhat irrelevantly, perhaps, to his design, yet with much interest, the history of the Catacombs during the Middle Ages. The Huns under Attila, and the Goths under Totila, the Lombards and the Saracens, successively ransacked them for treasure; and during the medieval civil wars of Italy, the nobles and their feudal slaves often met in deadly combat in these silent and hallowed passages, which gleamed with the light of torches and echoed with the war shouts, "The Colonna! the Colonna!" and, "Beware of the bear's hug!" while along the walls might be seen, through the broken slabs, the skeleton faces of the dead—the dead who had braved the weapons of blood for Christ in life, and could not now be disturbed by their clangor in the hallowed sleep of death. Solitary pilgrims, too, in still later times, found their way to these quiet depths, with devout though sometimes superstitious hearts, to pray and to meditate. An inscription as late as 1331 is found with the following noble passage—noble in its heroic and poetic sentiment, though tinged with the ideas of the age:—"Gather together, O Christians, in these caverns, to read the holy books, to sing hymns to the honor of martyrs and the saints that here lie buried, having died in the Lord; to sing psalms for those who are now dying in the faith. There is light in this darkness. There is music in these tombs."

Subsequently the Catacombs became comparatively neglected, and indeed forgotten. Their entrances were blocked up by the caving in of the tufa, and not till the researches of Bosio in the sixteenth century were they reopened. That assiduous ecclesiastic devoted thirty years to exploring and recording the memorials of the labyrinth. It became his own sanctuary; and he spent so much of his time in its darkness, that it is said the "light of the sun was painful to his eyes." Since his day, successive antiquarians have continued the researches, some of them devoting their lives to the task. Boldetti spent more than thirty years in studying the tombs and crypts. The English and

the French have, within a few years, produced some valuable volumes respecting them, and the French government has provided for a magnificent work, which is to embody all the important results of the researches of a commission which it sent to the Catacombs.

Bishop Kip's volume is, we believe, the only one yet produced by our own country on the subject; it is a faithful, though a succinct account of these interesting antiquities, giving their history, with numerous descriptive specimens, and soberly-drawn deductions. The style of his treatise is most happily congenial with the theme; it is fervid and devout, and not unfrequently eloquent—well adapted to give not only a popular interest, but a salutary popular effect to the work. In a subsequent number we shall present illustrated descriptions of the tombs and symbols of the Catacombs; with some of the theological deductions which they afford.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE SUMMONS.

BY SMITH ELY, JR.

METHINKS I hear
Funeral bells my requiem toll!
Swell on my ear
The knell which summons my reluctant soul.

And must I die?
Thou spectral shadow with uplifted dart,
O pass me by!
Earth's glowing charms well satisfy my heart.

Take me not yet,
While round my path upspring the gentle flowers,
Whose leaves are wet
With sparkling pearls, scatter'd by vernal
showers.

Let me live on,
Till winter's breath has blanch'd my head with
snow;
When youth has flown—
And hope departs—O then, I'll gladly go!

In vain I pray!
Death's icy hand is feeling for my heart:
Fading away—
The flashing visions of the earth depart.

I come, O grave!
To wander blindly through thy murky gloom:
A guide I crave—
A light, to cheer the darkness of the tomb.

Trembling I trust
That He who thro' the Vale of Death has gone,
When life is hush'd,
Will guide me onward to a brighter home.

THE REFORMED—A TRUE STORY.*

MR. AND MRS. RAYMOND were raised in New-England, and were of the genuine Puritan stock. The mothers of both were left in widowhood during the revolutionary struggle, and the children passed the critical period of youth without the protection and supervision of the parent upon whom the most weighty part of family government depends.

They had "reached their teens" when the struggle of the "colonies" seemed to be hanging in very doubtful suspense. Mrs. Raymond's father died in the army, and her mother was left poor and dependent with a sickly infant at her breast. Ann was about fifteen when this event occurred, and upon her necessarily devolved a large share of the labor of the house, as well as the business out of doors. During "the hard winter," she was obliged to bring wood from the neighboring hill, chopping it with her own hands, to warm her mother's cottage. By this course of discipline, Ann acquired a hardness of muscle, a strength of purpose, and a power of endurance which never left her through a long life.

When young, Raymond was united in holy matrimony to Ann Taylor, at the house of the village parson; so far as pecuniary interests are concerned, their fortune was to be made "out of whole cloth." They had, indeed, an excellent web out of which to cut a fortune, for they were in the possession of nerves

* The only exceptions to the literality of the tale are the names of the persons concerned, the description of some of the localities, and a small draught upon the imagination for a portion of the circumstances which could not be supplied by authentic information.



"WILL YOU TAKE A GLASS?"

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

hardened by severe physical labor, and rendered elastic by the confidence which honesty of purpose and innocence of life inspire.

Some time between the close of the revolutionary war and the commencement of the nineteenth century, Mr. Raymond, with some half a dozen children, immigrated to "the new country," some fifty miles west of the Hudson, in the State of New-York. The fierce Mohawks had just gone off to Canada, and the fairest portions of the glorious "lake country" were occupied as the hunting-grounds of "the six nations." Mr. Raymond erected a log cabin in a glen, by the side of a beautiful little stream of pure spring water, the lofty forest trees waving in the breeze over his humble dwelling. By night the howling of the savage wolf would reverberate from hill to hill, and the scream of the panther would cause a quaking among the small herds of the neighboring farms.

Hard-handed labor and strict economy supplied the necessities of the little group, which continued to enlarge until it reached the goodly number of a dozen, save one. In the mean time the first of a new race of missionaries penetrated these interior and secluded regions, and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond and two daughters became subjects of a great moral change. This constituted the commencement of the religious era of this family. Mr. Raymond's humble dwelling was thenceforward a sort of *Bethel*, or house of God. Here the weary itinerant often found a resting place, and here was often heard the voice of prayer and praise, and here the people were often collected together to hear the word of life dispensed in great simplicity and power.

The Raymond family finally acquired a character, which, however really enviable it was, nevertheless subjected the younger members to much small persecution from their young companions. The family altar was ever kept up, and the morning and evening sacrifice was a thing of course. Puritanical strictness was enforced upon all, and no immorality suffered to pass without a fearful *religious* reckoning. Religious things and religious people were never made matters of jest.

Withal, religion was here invested with charms, and not made inconsistent with good cheer and innocent amusements. Mr. Raymond had a generous, soul within him, and a natural mirthfulness which rendered him an exceedingly agreeable companion to the young, and made him the life of his large family circle. He was a fine singer, and performed well upon the flute; and after the evenings were spent in the cultivation of sacred music, which was always followed by prayer, they all retired to rest in a delightful state of mind, fully appreciating the bliss of true domestic union and sympathy sanctified by a vital Christianity.

Henry was one of the younger sons, and when a small lad became the subject of religious influence, and gave good promise of a life of usefulness. All the elder brothers and sisters were now members of the same Church, and great concern was felt lest the childish heart of little Harry should be turned back again to the vanities of the world. Harry was good-humored and playful, and, withal, unsuspecting and heedless. He was not

dull nor slow to judge of the opinions which some entertained of his religious pretensions. At length the precautions and reserve which, however well meant, were doubtless premature and improper, seemed to him to indicate a want of confidence in his religious character, and seemed to chill the ardor of his feelings. Finally he lost his confidence, and began to mingle with frivolous and irreligious company.

Time wrought various changes in the Raymond family: death seized some of the most lovely of the circle, and others were settled in life and located at different points. Harry was now the oldest son who remained; and he, in the natural course of things, began to be thrown into business associations, which were by no means favorable to the pious and sober habits which characterized the family. He was what in common parlance would be called "a good fellow." He was never out of humor, never in a hurry, always ready to try his hand in a rivalry with the strongest and best who could be produced. Withal, he was a musician, and performed well upon several instruments, and was, of course, an object of interest and attention at military parades and other public gatherings.

Now it was that Harry Raymond began to fall under influences of a most deleterious character. The drinking habits of many of the circles with which he mingled, gradually wore upon his moral convictions, and upon his resolution to abstain, until he could take "a social glass" and become merry with those who were under the unholy excitement of the intoxicating bowl. The vigilant eye of true friendship looked with deep concern upon the perils to which poor Harry was now exposed, and of which he seemed not at all aware. But occasions of temptation were not frequent, and the general course of things was not materially varied for several years, and no very threatening events arrived, until he was united in marriage to Harriet Brenen, an interesting girl of fourteen.

Mr. Raymond was now becoming somewhat advanced in years, and naturally wished to give up the burdens of business. He had possessed himself of a small farm, of which his son Harry now took the charge. Young Mrs. Raymond became an inmate of the family, and soon imbibed

the religious spirit which still prevailed among the remaining members of the family circle, which had now been extensively broken up. She found in old Mrs. Raymond a mother indeed—one who not only entered into all her sympathies, under the heavy and unexpected domestic trials which will soon be noticed, but who could give her spiritual instructions and consolation, as occasion required.

The practice of "taking a little" of the maddening draught increased upon Henry, until he occasionally became disguised, and was irregular in his return from the neighboring villages, to which he now made frequent visits under the pretenses of business. The terrible and long-expected event finally transpired. At a late hour Harry drove up and succeeded in getting into the house. His horses had been overdriven and neglected, and he was stupefied with drink and benumbed with cold. There were two individuals, who had occupied each a corner by the fire, in mute sorrow and breathless suspense, while the teapot sat upon the embers and the table was spread with what was necessary to supply the cravings of hunger. These two—the wife and the mother—were the first to give the needed help to the nearly helpless object of many hours of indescribable solicitude. When Harry had been conducted to his bed, with many expressions of kindness and sympathy, his two guardian angels retired—not to sleep, but to have their imagination haunted, during the remaining hours of the night, by the repetition of the scene which had passed before them. That was a night of anguish, of tears, and of prayers, which can only be appreciated by the Father of mercies, who fathoms the depths of human sorrow and counts the sighs of his children.

The day which succeeded was a gloomy one. A few words of most significant rebuke from the wife and the mother, and the down-cast countenance and sad pensiveness of old Mr. Raymond, which always expressed unutterable things, were met by a confused expression of the countenance, and a vague glancing of the eye in different directions, but with no angry words. It is enough—indeed too much—much more than I could wish—to say, that the same scene, with slight variations of circumstances, was occasionally repeated. Admonitions and tender expostulations ex-

torted promises of amendment, which were kept for a time, longer or shorter according to circumstances, but were finally broken.

The terrible, the astounding facts were brought to the knowledge of brothers and sisters abroad, and a sense of deep mortification, as well as a feeling of heart-breaking sorrow, passed through the entire family circle. Family pride was wounded, and, in some instances, some little indignation for the moment was indulged. Why is it that our lovely circle must be disgraced with one recreant member, and one who possesses so many excellent natural qualities, and for whom so much has been done by the providence of God, by religion, by friends? was often asked. But the matter finally resolved itself into a religious question, and resort was had to prayer and earnest personal appeal. All prayed to the God who has the hearts of all men in his hands for help in the great emergency, while wife, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, in turn, exhorted and warned Henry, in the most affectionate and melting strains.

About this time he received a letter from James, which concluded in this wise:—"And now, my dear Henry, I pray you to hear me willingly for a moment, in a matter which presses more heavily upon my heart, and is of more solemn interest to you than anything beside. You will anticipate the subject—it is *your course of life*. I trust you have not forgotten that you have a wife, parents, brothers and sisters, who naturally care for you, and feel a deep interest in what concerns your honor and happiness. Nor can you have altogether forgotten that you have a soul which will live when the world, and all within it, shall be consumed. But is your conduct consistent with anything like a rational conviction of these facts? Are you not breaking the hearts of the *wife* of your youth and the *mother* who bore you? Are you not mortifying and grieving all of us to death? More, are you not hastening to a premature and a dishonorable grave, and to an awful account after death? O, my dear brother, how can we give you up! Have mercy upon us—have some pity upon yourself—and break off your absurd and ruinous course—and turn about, while you may, and live. Could I take you in my arms this moment, I would bathe your brow with my tears, and would,

if you would allow me, bring you to our common Saviour, and see you again united to his fold. What, my dear Henry, shall I say to prevail upon you to forsake your ruinous course, and return to your duty? Let me assure you that prayers and tears will follow you to the last. God grant that they may not be swift witnesses against you in the day of judgment.

"As ever, your affectionate brother."

As Henry's eyes ran hastily over the lines of this letter, his heart palpitated, his countenance changed, first being deeply flushed, then turning as pale as a corpse—and when he had read the last word, his hand which held the letter fell into his lap, and the tears coursed down his cheeks. He rose up, and walked off to a retired spot, where he alternately wept immoderately, and made strong efforts to brace himself up, and recover his wonted indifference. He, however, resolved that he would never again be seen intoxicated.

This purpose was adhered to for several months; but, in an evil hour, he was again overcome, and now he seemed more fatally prostrated than ever. The efforts of friends were again renewed, and they finally succeeded in prevailing upon the object of their solicitude to "sign the pledge." Strong hopes were now entertained that Henry would not relapse. For months he was sober and industrious as ever, and the family seemed to think the danger had passed over, and felt their hopes assured.

The consternation of the Raymond family, and of their sympathizing friends, may be better imagined than described, upon the dreadful event of another lapse of poor Henry. Circumstances transpired, which are so common and well known that they need not be described, which proved more than a match for the strength of purpose and the power of conscience, which, in this case, had been too much relied upon, and down went the unfortunate victim of a rampant appetite, deeper than ever, into the mire of intemperance. Henry now lost his self-respect, and, to a most fearful extent, his respect for the feelings and admonitions of his friends. He spent days and weeks from home—he lounged about rum-shops and country towns, until he became an object of general commiseration.

Many now gave up Harry Raymond for lost. His youthful companion almost lost

heart, and scarcely knew how to brook the evils which she suffered. Old Mr. Raymond often groaned out, "Poor Harry is ruined—and, I fear, will never be recovered." But there was one heart that held out—supported by faith and hope—graces which had been tried as in the fire, and which, at this period of life, had ceased to falter. And whose heart was this but that of the *mother* of the unfortunate and apparently ruined victim of a monster vice? The heart of the *mother* felt most keenly the fearful situation of the object of her solicitude—she was not blind to his dangers nor his faults—she saw the impotency of human resolutions, and all motives founded upon mere self-respect or worldly prospects in a struggle with an overpowering appetite for the intoxicating draught; but she knew full well the efficacy of prayer. Her dependence was upon God alone, and not upon plans of man's devising. She never, for a moment, gave up "poor Harry;" but despite of all the discouraging circumstances which arose, she persisted in believing, and in declaring, that "her prodigal son would finally return."

In the mean time, no efforts were spared to awaken the conscience, to alarm the fears, and to rekindle the domestic feelings of the inebriate. Whenever he came home—at whatever hour of the day or night—under whatever circumstances—however degraded and disgusting his appearance, he always met a kind reception, and found prompt provisions made for his pressing wants. When he had recovered himself from a state of entire or partial intoxication, he was then kindly expostulated with, and urged to "stay at home," and give the family the pleasure of his company, and the benefit of his help upon the farm. These "cords of love" would restrain him for a while; but the stern demands of a morbid appetite would finally break them asunder, and the victim would again find himself bound within the folds of the monstrous serpent, whose coils are as crushing as those of the merciless anaconda, and whose venom is cruel as the grave.

Prayer was made unceasingly for poor Henry. He was formally remembered in the morning and evening sacrifice. His case was carried to God in secret by a large circle of relatives and acquaintances; and often in the social prayer meeting was fervent intercession offered up to God for

the same object by a score of earnest, believing Christians.

Several of Mr. Raymond's family were located in the neighborhood, and Catherine Dunbar was one. It happened that on a beautiful morning, Henry Raymond came to his sister's house unusually sober, especially considering that he had been absent from home for a week or more. While a breakfast was being prepared for him, he sat in the corner in a pensive mood, and, after he had taken his breakfast, he resumed the same position, and seemed lost in thought. Catherine finally interrupted his reverie with a proposition which seemed to astonish him. "Harry," said she, "come, go with me to the meeting this morning; we are having very interesting services at the church." "Me go with you to church!" answered Henry: "that would be of no use—*nobody cares anything about me.*" "Dear Henry," rejoined Catherine, "how can you think so! have we not all given you evidence enough of our regards, and our anxious desires for your welfare?" Henry hung his head, and with quivering lips and broken utterance, rejoined: "I am not fit to be seen in decent company;" and looking upon himself as though until that moment he had been perfectly insensible to the condition of his person, added: "Kate, I have yet a little too much pride to show my head in the church in such a condition as this." "You are right, Harry, perfectly right," answered Catherine, "and I can help you out of the trouble at once—wash yourself up, and I'll furnish you with a good suit of clothes. You and Thomas"—her husband—"are just of a size." "I do n't know about borrowing a suit of clothes to wear to meeting," answered Henry. "My dear brother," rejoined Catherine, "it is no time for you to indulge in such foolish pride; this may be the last of your day of grace. Come now," said she, taking him by the arm, "do please me this time, and I will promise you that you will never regret it." Henry sat dumb for a moment, and then began to move as though he had consented. The suit was soon in readiness, and he was washed and shaved. The next hour he walked up to the church by the side of Catherine; and no little surprise was occasioned by his appearance.

The pious old couple had been heard, that morning especially, to pray that God would reach the heart of their miserable

son. They were seated when Henry entered; and it was to them the signal of a fervent ejaculation to God, that the wanderer might be awakened and reclaimed. The discourse was appropriate, and sank down into the hearts of many; and Henry Raymond was among those who felt "the word of God, like a hammer, breaking in pieces the rock." He, however, managed to hold up his head until the social prayer-meeting came on. At a particular stage of the exercises, old Mr. Raymond, with his melodious, tremulous voice, struck up—

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy"—

when, quick as a flash of lightning, a thousand old associations were revived in Henry's mind. His heart began to melt; and when the old gentleman poured out a flood of melting melody upon the lines—

"If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call"—

the fountains of grief were unstopped, and poor Henry wept and sobbed aloud. A few encouraging words were whispered in his ear; and, after the service had closed, he returned with Catherine, silent and sad.

The circumstances had electrified the assembly, and constituted the principal topic of conversation on the way home. The pious hoped, and the careless were astonished; but none uttered a contemptuous word. One of Henry's companions, who was present, seemed to partake of the sympathies of the occasion. "Now," said he, "if Harry should take a religious turn, blame me if I think it would hurt him—for the fact is, he's getting a little bit too bad." Another rejoined: "If he should come out strong, won't they have a time over at the old man's? I should like to be there, and see them carry on about five minutes."

Old Mr. Raymond and his consort went home with an unusually quick step; and upon entering the cottage, the old lady said to Harriet, (who had remained at home, brooding over her troubles,) "Dear Harriet, what do you think? Henry was at meeting, and seemed much affected. 'Henry at meeting!' exclaimed Harriet, and leaning her head upon her hand, she sighed, and said no more.

When the tide of Henry's feelings had

subsided a little, he was the subject of severe temptation; and upon being prompted by Catherine to return to the meeting at evening, he said: "I think I'll not go this evening." "Go; yes, Henry, do go," answered Catherine. "The people," said Henry, "stared at me as though I had been an elephant; and I've no doubt they all know whose clothes I have on." "Don't mind that, it's nobody's business, Henry; and, besides, I tell you they are all glad to see you there. Even Dick Simons made remarks upon the subject that would astonish you; and besides, now, just recollect that all is at stake—now you may turn the scale for woe or bliss by this one decision." Henry lingered, and Catherine implored—at one period he seemed finally to have resolved to decline attending the meeting that evening.—"Kate," said he, "just let me stay here and read the Bible, and I'll go again tomorrow." Catherine thought she saw the device of Satan in the proposition; and felt that it was the very point at which defeat would probably be fatal; and now she rallied and made a fresh assault. Throwing her arms around Henry's neck, she burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O, my dearest brother, can you thwart the hopes of father, mother, and Harriet—poor dear Harriet—by one fatal step. I have just learned that Harriet will be at the meeting to-night—and, O, how disappointed and grieved she will be!"—"Stop, stop, Kate!" said Henry, "I'll go, come what will."

He went to the meeting; and there were all the connections and neighbors in a state of breathless anxiety to see how poor Harry Raymond would shape his course. Harriet, pensive and trembling, took her seat in a retired place, as much out of sight as possible, and waited the issue. The matter in Henry's mind was now settled. He had already broke ground, and he must go on, or, in all certainty, be a fresh occasion of grief to his friends, be jeered by his companions in sin, and probably be forsaken by God, and soon plunged into irretrievable ruin. At a suitable time he arose, and, with a trembling voice, confessed his sins, and expressed his purpose to lead a new life. His story was brief, but it produced a wonderful effect upon the audience, and marvelously strengthened his own resolutions. He knelt down, and gave vent to the feel-

ings of godly sorrow, while he audibly uttered the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Many encouraging words were spoken to the returning prodigal, while fervent prayers were offered up for his deliverance from the guilt of sin, and the power of an almost invincible habit.

The service closed, and Henry joined Harriet at the door, and they walked, arm in arm, to the cottage. When all were seated, Henry made a most humble confession, and was proceeding to "ask pardon" for all the wrongs he had inflicted upon their feelings, when old Mr. Raymond interrupted him with, "My dear Henry, say nothing about us; we have pardoned you, so far as we could, long ago: the most we are concerned about is that you have sinned against God. If he will forgive you—and we know he is both able and willing—all the rest will be soon settled." "Ah," responded Henry, "he cannot forgive me, as I see, without abandoning his justice; for if ever a sinner deserved to go to hell, I do." Tears coursed down the cheeks of the venerable patriarch, and while he was trying sufficiently to recover his feelings to respond encouragingly, and Harriet was groaning and sighing from the bottom of her almost broken heart, old Mrs. Raymond, not being able to restrain her deep emotions any longer, broke out in such strains as she alone could command, under circumstances so calculated to carry away all the barriers of feeling. "What!" said she, "God not willing to forgive you, when we, poor creatures, so little like him, could not have it in our hearts to retain the slightest sense of the wrongs you have done, only as they affect your happiness? This cannot be, my son. Like the father who ran to meet his poor, miserable son, while a great way off, your heavenly Father will meet you in mercy, and freely forgive you all. Yes, he will; I know he will;" and turning to the old gentleman, she respectfully, but earnestly asked,—“Father, shall we not have prayers?”

The old gentleman instantly bowed down, and all followed his example. He prayed in tremulous and plaintive tones, but in the language of assurance. When he had concluded, the venerable matron followed, in much the same strain, with the additional circumstance, that she humbly asked God now to fulfil the prom-

ise which he had so often brought home to her sorrowing heart, that he would "bring home his banished." When the old lady had earnestly and solemnly said "Amen," after a brief pause she said—"Now, Harriet, child, can you not pray?" Harriet uttered a few words and broke down.

"Dear Henry," said the old gentleman, "now pray for yourself." Henry ejaculated, "Save, Lord, or I perish. O my sins—my sins press me down like mountains! Canst thou have mercy upon such a wretch as I am?" and ended with broken utterances of sorrow, and some expressions which indicated an approach to despair.

All retired; but there was little sleep for the inmates of the cottage during that memorable night. In the morning old Mr. Raymond chose for the occasion the one hundred and sixteenth psalm. It was a perfect expression of the feelings of the penitent Henry. When all bowed down in prayer, the patriarch addressed the throne of grace in importunate and confiding language, particularly pleading the promises made to those who are of "a contrite spirit." This went to Henry's heart, and he arose from his knees with hope springing up in his soul; he saw "men as trees walking." Light increased through the day, and the following night found Henry Raymond a calm, confiding disciple, at the feet of Jesus.

Now the joy of the pious exhibited itself in the most free and tender congratulations. Henry Raymond was welcomed to the religious circles of the village, and all the privileges of the Church. All were glad, and all most cordially sympathized with the Raymonds. Even a certain class of wags seemed delighted, and often would remark, "A happy turn this for poor Harry." "Yes," another would add, "and I hope he will stick to his text." The news soon spread throughout the neighboring towns, and it was, of course, matter of remark with the different classes of persons, according to their tastes and moral sentiments. Some predicted that his religious career would be short, while others ardently hoped for better things.

The tavern keepers, for the present, at least, had lost a constant visitor; and one of these heartless men, upon hearing of the conversion of Harry Raymond, dryly

muttered out—"It is an ill wind that blows no good. I shall now be likely to get my grog bill, for Harry will go to work, and he's as honest a fellow as ever lived."

All was now right in the cottage. Henry set himself at work to improve the condition of things upon the premises, and to provide himself with decent apparel, while he lacked no aid which his wants required. His debts were soon discharged, and almost before he was aware of it, he had gained universal confidence. He was soon called upon, in turn, to lead the family devotions, and to take an active part in social meetings; and when he opened his mouth to speak or pray, all were silent and solemn. Many who, on other occasions, showed little regard for religion, were moved to tears by his affecting appeals, and were often heard to remark—"Harry is now sincere, anyhow, whatever he does hereafter."

All Henry Raymond's friends rejoiced at the marvelous change which had taken place in his life and conduct, but they "rejoiced with trembling." They did not immediately spread the matter abroad, by writing letters to distant members of the family, but prudently set themselves to surround the object of their solicitude with every encouragement and help to constancy.

In the mean time James, with a portion of his family, came to visit his parents, not knowing whether he should find Henry with the heart of a brother, if even alive. On reaching the neighborhood he met a friend of the family who, after identifying James Raymond, earnestly asked, "Have you heard from Henry lately?" "Not a word," was the reply. "Well, then," rejoined he, "I have good news for you. He is clothed, and in his right mind. He has experienced religion, and for the last six months has been as sober and respectable a man as there is in the town." This was "good news," indeed. What the character of the meeting and the visit was, the reader may judge.

And now I end my story by saying that Henry Raymond was assisted in the matter of improving his education by his brothers. He entered the ministry in due time, and, at the time of this present writing, for thirteen years has been a faithful and successful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

[For the National Magazine.]

REV. RICHARD M'ALLISTER.

MANY pleasing facts connected with the early history of Methodism are, no doubt, embalmed in the memories of its older ministers. They delight to relate them as illustrations of the work of God in its origin and early progress, and they generally interest, and not unfrequently edify their hearers. One such incident is in my possession, and I communicate it for the reader's entertainment, and perchance instruction.

Within the bounds of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Conferences, many yet remember the devoted Richard M'Allister. I knew him well. It is more than thirty years ago that I had the privilege of forming his acquaintance. Nearly three years I lived in his father's house, and the incidents I shall relate I received directly from the family or himself.

Archibald M'Allister, Esq., the father of Richard, was a man of note in his neighborhood. He had been an officer in the revolutionary army, and had something of the military in his character. To a genial warmth of feeling, ease, and cordiality of manner, and real kindness of heart, he added a considerable share of self-will. He was easily excited; but his passion soon died away, and left him subject to the kindest feelings.

His residence was at Fort Hunter, on the east bank of the Susquehanna River, six miles above Harrisburg, where he owned a handsome property, which still remains in the family. It is a romantic region. On the one side the majestic Susquehanna rolls its ceaseless tide of waters, which, chafed and irritated by the numerous rocks against which they perpetually beat in their passage, send forth a constant murmur, amounting in damp weather even to a roar. Some distance above the house, the river breaks through a spur of the Blue Mountain and makes a rapid descent, forming what are called Hunter's Falls. The channel of the river, though the stream is a mile wide, is very narrow, and is navigable for rafts and arks only a few weeks in the year; that is, in the freshets of spring and fall. The farm is surrounded by mountain ridges, green and well wooded to the top. The entire scenery is beautifully picturesque and wild. The road from Fort Hunter to Clark's

Ferry was one of the most romantic that I ever saw. In some spots it was truly sublime, the towering mountains rising abruptly from the water's edge. I say was; for the Pennsylvania Canal, made since that day, has very much changed its character. But it is wildly grand still; and no doubt many a voyager on the canal has felt his mind elevated to sublimity as, passing between the mountain base and the noble river, he has seen the immense masses of rock jutting out high above his head, threatening to fall upon him and crush him and his frail craft at once.

It was but a few years before I resided there that Methodism had been introduced into that neighborhood. I found two members of Mr. M'Allister's family (nieces) members of the Methodist Church; and also a daughter, but she was married and had removed to the state of New-York. Richard had already commenced his ministry. It is of this fact in his history that I am about to speak.

When the Methodist ministers first came into his neighborhood, Mr. M'Allister was strongly opposed to them. Nevertheless, he at length yielded so far as to allow them to establish meetings on his property, his tenants, and work people, and servants forming a considerable part of the congregation. At length his oldest daughter and youngest son united with this flock, at that time so feeble and lightly esteemed in the circle of his acquaintance. This was far from being agreeable to the father's wishes; but he was not implacable nor unreasonable. In fact he found that these people were not as he at first supposed, "setters forth of strange gods," but only "preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection." A decided change in his views took place, so that he at length gave land upon his estate to build a church, and contributed a large part toward the expense. Many still remember the old Fishing Creek Church, on what was then, and for many years afterward, Dauphin Circuit. - An unostentatious church, to be sure, it was, nestling there in the valley, with the mountain streamlet gurgling by its side; yet to many souls is that little church dear, for it was radiant with more than wordly charms. To many it was as the gate of heaven.

Yet was Mr. M'Allister still far from possessing a sanctified or Christian spirit. This was a great grief to his eminently

pious and devoted children. Indeed, he barely endured their Christian life, and often gave painful evidence of his want of sympathy with them. It happened one day when he and Richard were engaged in their rural affairs on some part of the premises distant from the dwelling, that Mr. M'Allister, under a provocation, gave way to a burst of temper, accompanied with a profane expression, for which Richard reproved him. This so offended the father that he struck him, and ordered him instantly to leave his house. Richard took him at his word; went home, packed up a few things in a handkerchief, and, with his bundle on his arm, kissed his mother and departed, no one knew whither.

When his father came in, the first thing he did was to inquire for Richard. When Mrs. M'Allister, who was a most superior woman, as well as affectionate mother, related what had occurred, the father was struck dumb, not dreaming that what he had said in his haste would be literally taken. He loved his son, and thought with agony of his situation. It was the depth of winter. He had gone on foot, slenderly provided, as he knew he must be, with funds, without letters, a small supply of clothing, and but indifferently prepared to buffet with the world. He immediately ordered every horse from his stables, and sent a rider in every direction in search of the wanderer. But it was in vain. The river was frozen over, and Richard, unseen by the family, had crossed on the ice, and taken the road direct for Baltimore, where he had few acquaintances, if any; but where he had learned that the Methodist Church was strong and influential, and where he hoped to find or make friends. The journey came near to having a fatal termination. The ground was covered with snow, the road on that side of the river running up a wild valley but thinly settled, was not well broken, and walking was very laborious. Richard having traveled on foot most of the day, became completely exhausted. Providentially, a gentleman who knew him overtook him on the road, and seeing his pitiable condition, dismounted and gave him the use of his horse, until they reached a place of accommodation. Thus assisted he finally reached Baltimore in safety. After what was thought a suitable delay, a friend communicated the place of Rich-

ard's residence to his father, who immediately sent another son to bring him home, giving him every assurance of the utmost indulgence in his religious views and habits. After this, for some time, he walked his Christian path without hinderance or molestation.

Some time after this—I do not know exactly how long—Richard felt that a dispensation of the gospel was committed to him; and having obtained permission, he began to pray and exhort in social meetings, greatly to the satisfaction of his Christian friends and the Church.

Mr. M'Allister thought Richard not at all fitted by education for the work of the ministry. His two elder sons, intended for professional life, were liberally educated; the two younger, being intended for rural pursuits, received only good substantial English instruction. To undertake the responsible work of the ministry, with so slender an amount of intellectual culture, the father thought preposterous in the extreme. He was willing to send him to college and prepare him for the ministry in a branch of the Church possessing better opportunities for eligible situations; but this did not meet Richard's views. He was a Methodist. He was impatient to begin his work. His brethren and the officary of the Church saw that he had native talents,—sound judgment, clear views of theology, and especially a correct knowledge of the way of salvation,—and they saw him fitted in their view for immediate usefulness, and holding out great promise for the future. They were as earnest as Richard was that he should lose no time in commencing his ministry.

It was drawing toward the close of the conference year, and Richard was particularly anxious to obtain his recommendation from the Quarterly Conference, and be admitted into the ensuing Annual Conference in April; the father was equally anxious to prevent it. They both had a secret motive for this solicitude—and yet scarcely secret either, since each knew what was passing in the other's mind. The fact was, Mr. M'Allister's eldest son, George Washington, afterward well known as Colonel M'Allister, who, on completing his education, had gone to Georgia, had married and become wealthy, was expected with his family to spend the summer at his father's house. He was a

very superior man, of high accomplishments, finished education, and of noble, honorable, elevated sentiments and bearing. Richard feared as much as his father hoped from the influence of this highly cultivated but worldly brother. However, Washington arrived, and Richard was yet at home. His father had utterly refused to supply him with a horse and the necessary equipments for an itinerant minister. Richard feared the worst from the combined influence of father and brother. The father soon communicated his views to Washington, and, according to expectation, quite secured him on his own side. Washington had no idea that Richard should expose himself and disgrace the family by attempting what he considered him inadequate to perform.

It so chanced some little time after this, that Richard, who had already received a local preacher's license, and officiated occasionally in the neighborhood, had an appointment in the church on his father's estate. The father, hearing of it, told Washington that it would be an excellent opportunity for him to hear and judge for himself, when he had no doubt he would soon put an end to this preaching mania. All things being thus arranged, Washington placed himself in the congregation. Those who were present related to me the facts. Richard, instead of quailing before the keen eye that was so scrutinizingly bent upon him, only called more fervently upon his God, and threw himself upon his gracious aid. He was nerved to uncommon vigor. The opening services passed off without anything marked. After taking his text, the preacher soon began to show that he was not the novice that his brother had supposed. He handled his subject with skill, his ideas flowed freely, his language was correct and sufficiently copious, and after a time there began to breathe through his words a holy influence, a sacred power that touched the heart. Washington was first surprised, then astonished, at length amazed, until, forgetting where he was, as his hands rested on the back of the seat before him, he gradually and unconsciously rose upon his feet, his nether jaw dropped down, and thus standing upright in the middle of the congregation with his mouth half open, he listened in breathless attention to the sermon. As soon as the service was ended he returned to the house. The

father was waiting to learn the issue. "Well, Washington, what do you think of this preaching now?"

"Father," was the calm and serious reply, "if ever a man was called to preach the gospel Richard is; and he ought to preach; and if you will not give him a horse and saddlebags I will."

"O!" said the father—for his resistance was all gone—"if he must have a horse and saddlebags, I suppose I am the most suitable person to buy them for him."

Richard had no more trouble. He ran a brief but bright career. He was appointed first to the city of Philadelphia, I think by the Presiding Elder; he then traveled for a short season with one of the bishops, by whom he was appointed to Baltimore to fill a vacancy, and thus became attached to the Baltimore Conference. After traveling a few years, while stationed a second time in Baltimore, he married a daughter of Colonel Barry of that city, and the same year took the yellow fever, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. He filled one or two appointments afterward; but his health utterly failing, he went to the South for change of climate, and died in great peace and Christian triumph at the house of his brother in Georgia, who subsequently became a pious man, and died the death of the righteous.

Thus rose, and shone, and set, "a bright particular star" in Methodism. He was not a meteor. His light was mild, gentle, and constant; "a burning and a shining light" he was, and by the brightness of his example many were guided into the way of peace. As "he that winneth souls is wise," and "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever," so shall many in the last day, while they admire and approve his choice, bless God that they were ever permitted to know that devoted and exemplary minister of Christ, Richard M'Allister.

CHILDHOOD.—Childhood is like the mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips may operate upon a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.

AN AWKWARD ADVENTURE.

ONE evening in the autumn of 185—, during a temporary stay at a muddy little fishing station near the junction of the river Avon with the Bristol Channel, an adventure befell me, which might have been attended with very untoward results, and which I shall relate as briefly as may be. I had taken my residence for a week or two in the neighborhood, for the express purpose of holding communication and exchanging occasional visits with an old friend and schoolfellow, the captain of an India trader then lying at anchor in the roads. We generally spent our evenings together, either on board his vessel or at my lodgings, but always separated about an hour before midnight. The old boatman, who two or three times a week rowed me off to the vessel and brought me back again, happened to be out of the way one evening at the accustomed hour; and while I was waiting, almost ankle-deep in the brown sludge which the receding tide leaves upon that coast, expecting his appearance, a decent-looking middle-aged man pulled toward me in the merest cockle-shell of a craft, and, touching his hat of glazed tarpaulin, volunteered to supply his place. Without hesitating a moment I stepped into the boat, and, seating myself in the stern, pointed to the "Bhurt-poor," lying about a mile and a half in the offing, and told him to pull away.

The season was approaching the equinox, and, the wind blowing fresh, my appetite for dinner sharpened as we got clear of the mud-banks, which, as the tide runs out, rear their broad backs above the surface in that part of the river. The sun had sunk nearly to the level of the mountain-tops in distant Wales, but was still shining brightly when I took my seat; but we had not proceeded a mile before a dark cloud rising in the west, from which quarter the wind blew, rapidly curtained him from sight, and twilight came on much more suddenly than usual. The black cloud was the precursor of an angry squall, and I could discern the advancing scud glooming over the waters at a few miles' distance. I did not relish the notion of being caught in it, as with it was also advancing, as usual, a heavy shower of rain, against which I had no defense, and I urged the boatman to pull away with a will. "Ay, ay, sir," said he, tugging at

the oars, "trust me for putting your honor aboard without a wet jacket."

For about two minutes the little boat, under the impetus of increased exertions, danced forward at a more rapid rate. Already I could see the hands on board the Indiaman hastily furling some loose sails, which, as the vessel lay at anchor, had probably been let down for the purpose of repairs. I was watching the seaman-like evolutions of the crew, and marveling at the instantaneous disappearance of every rag of canvas, when I became suddenly aware that my companion had stopped rowing, and that the boat, under the influence of the receding tide, was drifting out of the right track. "Pull away!" I shouted, turning my eyes to where he sat, while the big drops from the black clouds, now right overhead, began splashing down like liquid bullets upon us. The man, however, neither moved nor spoke, but, with crossed arms, clasping the oars to his breast, sat stiff and rigid as death. His eyes were darting from their sockets, and glaring on all sides as though in an agony of terror; his mouth, firmly set fast, yet spluttered forth foam at the corners; his face, abnormally swollen, was of a livid black color; and the veins of his forehead stood out like an iron net-work, while the perspiration streamed off his head in a perfect torrent.

What to do I did not know. I concluded that the man was in a fit of some kind or other, and I feared momentarily, lest, in some sudden paroxysm, he should flounder overboard, and perhaps upset the boat, causing the destruction of us both. I would have given much to have had a friend with whom to advise; but advice was out of the question. While I sat deliberating, the squall burst upon us with unmitigated fury. The floods came down a perfect waterspout, and the winds tossed us about among the chopping billows to such an ugly tune, that in a few minutes the boat was nearly half full of water, and I was fain to take to baling out with all my might, making use of an old saucepan, rusty and shorn of its handle, which lay among the loose planks in her bottom. Still there sat the wretched waterman, rigid as a corpse, and apparently insensible to the assaults of the tempest. By this time it was so dark that I could see neither the "Bhurt-poor" nor the coast, and, what is more, did not know in which di-

rection to look for them. I could only see my companion's face by leaning forward and bringing my own almost in juxtaposition with it; and whenever I did this, the same horrified aspect met my view, and he invariably resented my curiosity by the utterance of a frightful guttural sound, expressive, if of anything, of terror, lest I should lay a hand upon him.

The squall fortunately soon mitigated in intensity, and seemed to settle down into a heavy rain. When I had baled out the water sufficiently to remove present uneasiness on that score—and it seemed to me that I had occupied hours in accomplishing it—I unshipped the rudder, and, by dint of no inconsiderable labor, paddled with it so effectually as to keep the boat's head to the wind. That was all I could do, and I could not do that very well, as an occasional sea that broke over the gunwale convinced me a dozen times at least. After tossing about in this miserable condition a considerable time, which seemed to me an age, I looked at my watch to see how long we had been out, and was amazed to find that not two hours had elapsed since we had started. I should hardly have been more surprised had the sun risen on the other side of the channel and ushered in the morning. My troubles seemed to have endured longer than the whole of the past day, and yet there were eight or nine hours to pass before another would dawn upon us. I began to fear that we should not survive the night; we were probably several miles from the nearest land, but in what direction it lay I had no idea. All that I knew was, that we were drifting down channel, and that down we must continue to drift till the tide turned, which I judged would not be for several hours. I bawled to my companion as loud as I could halloo—bantered him, consoled him, encouraged him, reasoned with him;—all, however, was to no purpose; not a response could I elicit. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to sit still and wait the issue. I was wet through to the skin—as thoroughly sodden as if I had been fished up from the bottom of the sea, and every now and then a terrible presentiment haunted me that to the bottom we were doomed to go before the morning.

How long I sat in this state, alternately baling with the rusty saucepan, paddling with the rudder, and gazing moodily at

the grim figure of the boatman, now half shrouded in the darkness, I have no distinct recollection, but it must have been a very considerable time. My reflections were none of the pleasantest. The vision of the captain's comfortable cabin, and his well-spread table furnished with the game we had shot together the day before, rose to my imagination, in tantalizing force; and there was I, transformed from a delighted and favored guest to a miserable castaway, at the mercy of a motionless image, who, for all I knew, might wake up into a raging madman, or die and stiffen in the position in which he sat, leaving me in the unpleasant predicament of having to account for his fate should I happen to survive him long. Morbid thoughts began to rise in my mind and to mingle with unworthy terrors, both of which I had a difficulty to shake off. At length I began to revolve the matter determinately, with a view to *action* of some sort. I could bear the horrible perplexity of my position no longer, and determined to do something, if possible, to bring it to an end. But what?—that was the question. I stood up and looked around. I fancied I could see a glimmering of light far away to the left, and thought that if I could get possession of the oars, I might succeed in making the land in that direction, particularly as the wind had now abated and the storm had ceased.

I cautiously laid my hand upon the man's shoulder, and felt for his fingers: they were hot as those of a person in a high fever. I endeavored to loosen the oars from his grasp, but I might as well have tried to snap them in pieces with my fingers; they were firm as though gripped in an iron vice. I felt his face and hair; both were hot and bathed in clammy moisture. In spite of the poor fellow's affliction, I grew exasperated with him for venturing out to sea, with the knowledge which he must have had that he was liable to such fearful visitations. Half in anger and half inspired with a sudden idea, I groped in the bottom of the boat for the old saucepan, found it, filled it with the cold brine, and dashed it suddenly in the fellow's face. The shock was instantly followed by a deep sigh and a rather violent gasping. Distressing as these sounds usually are, they were now grateful music to my ears, and without waiting more than a minute, I repeated the experiment. Di-

rectly afterward I heard the oars rattle in the rowlocks, and saw, as plainly as the gloom would permit, that the man was addressing himself again to his work, though in all likelihood he had hardly yet recovered his full consciousness. I spoke to him, but received no answer. I again filled the rusty saucepan and sprinkled water over his face with my fingers. At length he threw off his hat with one hand, shook himself, and with much difficulty stammered forth, "It's all right now."

"All right, do you call it? Whereabouts are we? and what o'clock do you suppose it is? and whereaway lies the Bhurtpoor?"

"Very sorry, your honor—how long is it we've been out?"

"Four or five hours—perhaps six; a pretty scrape you have let me into!"

"Very sorry, your honor; but we'll get picked up before long. Here's a smack a-comin'—she'll be down upon us in twenty minutes, and we'll be snug enough on board of her."

I could see nothing of the smack whose approach he announced; but as he assured me again and again that she was fast bearing down upon us, I was but too glad to believe it true. Sure enough, in ten minutes later I could discern her broad white canvas looming forward like an apparition, and soon my companion hailed her hoarsely, and received a reply perfectly unintelligible to me, through the captain's speaking trumpet. She did not, however, heave to, but came dashing past at five or six knots an hour, and seemed about to abandon us to our fate, with a coarse jest flung at us in passing. I had begun exclaiming against this abominable inhumanity, as I supposed it, but the poor boatman interrupted me with, "It's all right, your honor; we'll board her in two minutes." With these words he lifted something white into the boat, bawling out, "Heave-ho!" at the same moment, with the full force of his lungs. The something white was a floating-buoy attached to a long line which the smack had dropped for our convenience, and which, on hearing the signal, they now began to haul in with astonishing rapidity. For two minutes we cut through the water like a rocket, and the next ascended the hull of the smack, and dived down into her cabin, where a few rashers of Welsh bacon and a cup of steaming coffee restored our exhausted

strength and spirits. It was past one o'clock when we boarded the smack, and nearly three when she arrived at an adjoining seaport, the place of her destination. I was fortunate enough, through the recommendation of the captain, to find accommodation, in a house, for the night. Next morning I encountered the unlucky boatman, still pale and haggard, upon the quay, and sought to obtain some explanation of the wretched experience of the previous night. He was, however, most unwilling to speak on the subject, and but for the consciousness that he owed me some reparation for a wrong unintentionally done me, it was plain that he would not have uttered a word. As it was, my curiosity was but half gratified. He acknowledged that he was subject to occasional fits; but he had his living to get. He denied that he had had a fit last night, asserting that if he had he should have gone overboard immediately, as it would have required three or four men to hold him still. He said he saw me and all I did during the whole period, and heard, moreover, every word I spoke, which he could not have done had he been in a fit. From all I could understand of his description of the agonies he had himself undergone, he had felt the symptoms of an approaching attack, and, knowing that if it mastered him in the boat it must inevitably result in his destruction, had wrought himself up to a determined resistance, and in the danger and darkness of that sudden tempest had manfully battled it out with the dreadful malady that might else have merged us both in one common doom. The more I questioned him and revolved his answers in my mind, the more I became convinced that this was the truth. Doctors may, for aught I know, pronounce such an effort to be altogether vain; but I describe the facts of the case pretty much as they happened, and must leave those who differ with me in opinion to deal with the matter as they list. *

The poor fellow would accept nothing for his services, but returned the offer with a dolorous glance of the eye, and a significant curl of the upper lip—and so we parted. Health and peace go with him!

The above narrative is no mere fancy picture, but, in all its main facts, is a true description of what actually occurred to the writer.

RELIGION OF THE POETS.

BURNS.

THE ravages which sentimentalism commits, and the various aspects which it assumes, are beyond what can easily be told; as well attempt

"To count the sea's abundant progeny;"

but in the end, they all leave man precisely where they found him, or rather they thicken the folds of that veil which blinds him, and renders his ruin more certain. Of the effects of this phase of religion, we cannot quote a better illustration than that which the life of the poet Burns supplies. He was trained by godly parents; and familiarized at once with the word, and the service of God. Many things occur in his writings to show that he was familiar with the vital doctrines of revelation, and knew what should have been their bearing on the life of man. When he would give solemnity, for example, to certain of his vows, he would inscribe on the blank leaf of a Bible the words, "Ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord:" and add, as if to augment the strength of the obligation, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths." Truth in one of its forms was thus ascendant in his mind; and were this all that we know of the history of his soul, we might conclude that revelation had acquired its rightful authority there,—that in the noble mind of that wondrous man, grace had added its influence to the gifts which dignified his nature.

It is requisite, however, to study his character more minutely; and, in doing so, we find how frail is every barrier—whether it be natural conscience, or rationalism, or sentiment and poetry—against the passions which tyrannize in the heart of unrenowned man. While Burns was yet an obscure youth, and years before he shone forth to amaze and dazzle so many, he wrote to his father as follows:—"I am quite transported at the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid adieu to all the pains, and uneasiness, and disquietudes of this weary life; for I assure you, I am heartily tired of it; and if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it." He proceeds to say, "It is for this reason, I am more pleased with the last three verses of the seventh chapter of the Revelation, than

with any ten times as many in the whole Bible, and would not exchange the noble enthusiasm with which they inspire me for all that this world has to offer." Now all this is full of promise;—this enthusiasm would be hailed by not a few as constituting pure religion; and yet we know that he who wrote these sentences lived to outrage the truth which he professed to admire. It was mere emotion; there was no work of grace, no guidance of that Spirit who leads into all truth; and the whole was therefore the gleam of a meteor, not the shining of the sun. The melancholy which dictated such sentiments, inspired many of his verses in future years; and one cannot hear the wail of so noble a mind, as it closes one stanza with the words—

"But a' the pride of spring's return,
Can yield me nocht but sorrow;"

and another, exclaiming—

"When yon green leaves fade frae the trees,
Around my grave they'll wither,"

without detecting the impotency of the mere sentiment of religion, when the power and demonstration of the Spirit do not give direction and force to the truth. Gifts the most noble, and genius the most transcendent, only render man a more able self-tormentor, when grace does not illuminate and guide him. In sober truth, they are as unavailing as the Jup, the Dyan, the Tup, and the Yoga of certain Hindoo ascetics.

But these are only the beginnings of our proof regarding the insufficiency of mere sentiment. The same gifted man, endowed as he was with remarkable versatility and power, was the victim of a sorrow which refused to be soothed. Amid the blaze of his reputation he wrote:—"I have a hundred times wished that one could resign life, as an officer resigns a commission, for I would not take in any poor ignorant wretch, by selling out. Late-ly I was a sixpenny private, and a miserable soldier enough,—now I march to the campaign a starving cadet, a little more conspicuously wretched." And again, as if he would open up the very fountains of his chagrin, or display the extent of the moral distemper, which continued unhealed in his mind, he says:—"When I must escape into a corner, lest the rattling equipage of some gaping blockhead should mangle me in the mire, I am tempted to

exclaim, What merit has he had, or what demerit have I had, in some state of pre-existence, that he is ushered into this state of being with the scepter of rule and the key of riches in his puny fist; while I am kicked into the world, the sport of folly, or the victim of pride?" Now, the man who recorded these bitter and distempered complaints was the author of the following exquisite lines:—

"Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by
Heaven's command."

Or these,—

"But, when in life we're tempest-driven,
And conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fix'd in heaven
Is sure a noble anchor."

Now the instructive point here is, that while this gifted man could scatter gems around him like the brilliants emitted by the creations of Eastern fable, he was himself "poor, and wretched, and miserable,"—the sport of passion,—a thing driven of the wind, and tossed. And why? Was there no anchorage for such a soul?—nothing to teach that troubled mind, that, as all things are guided by Him who is love, all things are overruled for good to them that love him? Had he never learned, or was there no one at hand to whisper, that it is possible for man, instead of indulging such violent outbreaks against the ways of God, to say, "I have learned in all circumstances in which I am, to be therewith content?" Was there no power in the words, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven?" Alas for man, when poetry, or genius, or sentimentalism, however exquisite, is the only guide of his soul in trouble! In this gifted man's life we read with the clearness of a revelation of the impotence of genius, or any natural gift, to restrain the passions, or promote the real happiness of man. Power, whether intellectual or imaginative, only enables man to go more signally astray, when it is not under the control of a pure conscience and sanctified reason.

But, amid all his gloom and despondency, had Burns no internal guide to enlighten

and cheer him? Had he got no hold of the truth which conducts the soul, amid a thousand perils and trials, to serenity and repose? He had a godly father, and his early training was in the best school of religion. Had that no effect on his conduct and history? Beyond all controversy it had; but it was chiefly to deepen his wretchedness and give a keener poignancy to his sorrow. He was one of those who could admire the drapery of religion, while he neglected itself. Like Sir Walter Scott, and many more, he was shrewd and quick to detect the hypocritical pretence to godliness, but he had no discernment of the intrinsic power of truth; and hence, he was tortured to agony amid trials, even till he sometimes wished for death. Had he been utterly ignorant of religion, conscience might have been more easily appeased; but, knowing it as he did to a certain extent, yet setting it often utterly at defiance, he just heaped woes upon himself by his own right hand. The fearful gift of genius, like the fatal gift of beauty, may thus help on man's misery, unless it be controlled by the wisdom which comes from above; and even Dr. Currie was obliged at last to write of the man whom he loved and admired,—
"His temper now became more irritable and gloomy. He fled from himself into society, often of the lowest kind. And in such company, that part of the convivial scene in which wine increases sensibility and excites benevolence, was hurried over to reach the succeeding part, over which uncontrolled passion generally presided. He who suffers the pollution of inebriation, how shall he escape other pollution?"

Yet Burns had a God whom he often professed to revere. He wrote new versions of some of the Psalms,—he is the author of some poetical prayers, as well as of poems, which one can scarcely read without tears; and from these we may ascertain what was the religion of Burns. And at the very most it was the religion of emotion or the imagination. The holiness of God formed no element in it; and because that was left out, it was a kind of pantheistic figment which was worshiped, and not the true Jehovah. The wondrous Alp-clouds which are sometimes seen at sunset fringed with gold by his light are brilliant, no doubt, and gorgeous, but they are not the sun himself; and, in like manner, the ideal creations of

men's minds, poetically attractive as they may be, are not the living and true God, though they are often substituted for him; and there is profoundest wisdom in the saying, that "those imaginations about the Godhead which make up a religion of poetry, are not enough for a religion of peace."—*Chalmers*. And it is curious to observe how Burns had worn away the idea of God till it became evanescent and unimportant. By his own confession, "the daring path Spinoza trod" was trod for a season by him; and his views of the Great One, were such as could not restrain a single passion, nor stand against a single temptation.

In one of his dedications he prays to the "Great Fountain of honor, the Monarch of the Universe," and that was his substitute for the great I AM. In a prayer on the prospect of death, he says,—

"If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As something loudly in my breast
Remonstrates, I have done;

"Thou know'st that thou hast form'd me
With passions wild and strong,
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong."

In other words, the Creator of all—the very Being whom the author of that prayer, in the next stanza, calls "All God"—was the origin of Burns's transgressions, for he was the creator of Burns's "passions wild and strong." It is thus that the Eternal is accused by his creatures; it is thus that blame is shifted from the criminal to the judge. The romance of religion: its "big ha' Bible"—its patriarchal priest—the simple melody of the songs of Zion,—all these Burns could admire, because there is poetry in them; but He whom the believer knows, was not his resting-place. O, let it be said in pity!—Need we wonder, though he who did so had to write,—"Regret! Remorse! Shame! ye three hell-hounds, that ever dodge my steps, and bay at my heels, spare me! spare me!" Let the following stanza be calmly considered, and then say what is the verdict which truth brings in?—

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven."

We have another view of the religion of Burns presented in the following extract:—"Now that I talk of authors, how do you like Cowper? Is not the 'Task' a glorious poem? The religion of the 'Task,' bating a few scraps of Calvinistic divinity, is the religion of God and of nature,—the religion that exalts, that ennobles man." Now, had we no record of Burns's life, we might here conclude that, though anti-Calvinistic, he was devout in his piety, and pure in his life, like Cowper, whom he eulogized; but how completely must all moral perception have been dulled, when such admiration could be lavished upon a poet who was at so many points the very antithesis of Burns! And again we say, How naturally does such a state of mind lead man to exclaim in the end, as Burns once did, "Canst thou minister to a mind diseased? Canst thou speak peace and rest to a soul tossed on a sea of troubles, without one friendly star to guide her course, and dreading the next surge may overwhelm her? Canst thou give to a frame tremblingly alive to the tortures of suspense, the stability and hardihood of the rock that braves the blast? If thou canst not do the least of these, why wouldst thou disturb me in my miseries with thy inquiries after me?"

Such, then, is an exhibition of the native impotency of mere sentiment. The poetry of religion: its drapery—its music—its grand ceremonies, or its primitive simplicity—its gorgeous edifices—its ancestral associations, may all be admired; but none of these can charm man into holiness, or so change his heart as to guide to righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. The first biographer, and most charitable friend of Burns, was obliged to record that up to a period distant only a few months from his death, he could proceed from a sick-room to "dine at a tavern, return home about three o'clock in a very cold morning, benumbed and intoxicated, and by that process he hastened or developed the disease which laid him in his grave." His conduct, indeed, has drawn forth the highest censures of men who were neither prudens nor Puritans.* The mere poetry of religion was substituted for the truth, and the result was moral confusion, and many an evil work.

* See "Edinburgh Review" for January, 1809, on Lord Jeffrey's Contributions, Vol. III.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE BELL OF ST. REGIS.

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON.

BROAD and stately the St. Lawrence
Rolls its billows to the sea,
Feeling in its onward motion
Thy strong pulse, Niagara:
On its bosom nations' navies
Float, in peerless majesty.

On its swelling current rolling,
Through dark, towering Northern hills;
Taking to its bosom kindly
Thousands of their laughing rills:
Glorious river! floating on thee,
How the heart with rapture thrills!

Just above the Monte Royal,
There a bay of beauty lies;
Where the mountain shadows mingle
With the blue of northern skies;
And the borealis flashes,
Like the light in beauty's eyes.

Here the village of St. Regis
Circles round the bending bay;
Where the Indian mother watches
Her young dusky charge at play;
And the buskin'd hunters gather,
From the chase at close of day.

Bright the eddying current breaking,
Sparkles on the whiten'd shore;
Now it drops like molten silver
From the Indian's flashing oar;
While oft borne on evening breezes
Comes Niagara's sullen roar.

Oft is seen, by summer's moonlight,
O'er the waters, calm and blue,
Fill'd with blushing, black-eyed lovers,
Gliding on, the bark canoe:
There love's magic spell is binding
Fast in one fond hearts and true.

A thousand wigwams thickly cluster,
Where the grassy bank retires;
A thousand stern and painted warriors
Here had lit the council fires;
Gravely round the calumet passes
Which sweet thoughts of peace inspires.

A friar from France had call'd them
Near two hundred years ago,
To listen to a message sent
From the dreaded Manitou;
And the red men calmly listen
To the oily words that flow.

Now he speaks of the Great Father
Who sends them the waving corn;
Now of the suffering Nazarene
To shame and scoffing born;
Of the garden's bloody agony—
The scourge, and cross, and thorn,

Why swells the savage bosom?
Has the scared old warrior fears?
Why course those tears down dusky cheeks
From eyes unused to tears?
'T is pity stirs the stoic soul,
By the tragic tale he hears.

And now all tongues are raising
Praise to the virgin one;
And cheerful hands are raising there
A temple for her Son:
They haste to bring their choicest gifts
In many a battle won.

On a gently swelling headland
Its lofty spire they rear,
But from its tower no clanging bell
Rings out the hour of prayer;
But the priest has said, "All this is vain
Till a bell's sweet chime you hear."

Then the hunters ranged the forests,
And watch'd the beaver's haunts,
For furs, to bring the crowning gift,
A bell from La Belle France:
But *what* it was, is mystery—
Like the visions of a trance.

In Paris gay 't was purchased,
And baptized in Notre-Dame,
Then shipp'd on board the Grand Monarque
To cross the rolling main:
And they waited till the leaves were sere;
But they waited all in vain.

With winter came a rumor—
A British cruiser bore
The Grand Monarque a prize away,
With all her treasured store;
And the silver bell is captive held
On stern New-England's shore.

The warrior loosed his bow-string,
The chase the hunter leaves,
The maiden ceased to tell her beads,
The heart of childhood grieves:
And wailings rise, as when grim death
Of the first-born son bereaves.

But the priest has traced the captive
To Deerfield's valley, where
The sacred bell is held to call
The Puritans to prayer!
"St. Francis! that a Christian bell
Such sacrilege should bear!"

Then the council-fire was lighted
At the ghostly father's call;
A thousand painted warriors came
The bell to save from thrall:
For the father says, "It burns in hell
Till the pale-faced robbers fall.

"Holy virgin! sleep the faithful
While the boasting infidel
Perform their sacrilegious rites
With the tones of a Christian bell!
While it pines in iron bonds away
From the souls it loves so well.

"At the solemn hour of midnight,
As I wander forth alone,
Then come its bitter wailing
On the wintry tempests borne.
Ah! my soul is sad within me,
For my minstrel lost I mourn.

"Why lingers then the warrior?
Why sleeps the fearless brave?
Would ye rest, had the pale foeman
Of your first-born made a slave?
In vain shall be your hunting
Till the captive bell you save."

Wild rose the startling warwhoop
 From a thousand painted braves;
 And round the mystic war-dance whirls
 Like the whirlpool's troubled waves;
 Now, wo betide the pale-face!
 For blood the war-club laves.

The mystic rites are ended,
 And the banded warriors go,
 Through dark and tangled forests,
 Through storms of sleet and snow;
 Fell hate is burning in each heart,
 They seek the pale-faced foe.

Not for the love of conquest,
 Nor thirst for gather'd spoil;
 No proud ambition moves the soul
 To undergo such toil;
 But to bring a captive angel
 Back to a Christian soil.

On through the dreary deserts,
 Through sinking bog and fen;
 Midst howling wintry tempests,
 Press on these fearless men:
 The ghostly leader cheers the march
 With many a chanted hymn.

Quiet and still the sleepers
 That night in Deerfield lie;
 No watch is set, no danger fear'd,
 No dream that foe was nigh;
 But wildly shriek'd the wintry wind,
 As swept it swiftly by.

So sweetly sleeps the infant
 In the mother's close embrace;
 An angel's call is in its ear,
 For smiles are on its face;
 And soundly sleeps the weary sire—
 No fears his fancies trace.

A yell burst on their slumbers—
 'Tis the redman's warwhoop wild;
 The gleaming hatchet cleft the skull
 Of the mother and her child;
 The sleeping sire woke to see
 His home a burning pile.

The hissing flames are spreading,
 And fast the death shots fell;
 While high the din of conflict rose,
 For dear each life they sell;
 When wild and startling rose the tones
 Of the St. Regis bell!

"The virgin calls to vengeance!"
 The ghostly leader cries;
 "Let the doom'd heretics now find
 No mercy in your eyes;
 Now on her altar here we lay
 A bloody sacrifice."

The victor's shout was blending
 With those strange, mysterious tones;
 But richer in the savage ear
 Rose mingled shrieks and groans,
 As fast the surging flames inwapt
 Those peaceful valley homes.

Now bound upon their shoulders
 Is borne the wondrous bell;
 As back through drifting snows they march,
 With the scalp-song's echoing swell:
 But Deerfield groan'd for years beneath
 The woes which on it fell.

But long the way and weary,
 While the bell's full weight they bore;
 So with prayers and hymns 't was buried
 On Champlain's ice-bound shore:
 There slept the rescued captive,
 Until spring return'd once more.

But tales of stirring wonder
 Were spread the tribes among;
 The bell had recognized its friends,
 And loud its silver tongue
 Had cheer'd them, when the battle raged,
 And the victor's praise had sung.

So marvelous its mystic powers,
 No spirit, black from hell,
 But shrinks away in pale affright,
 When speaks the Christian bell.
 The miracles its power had wrought
 No friar's tongue could tell.

When spring return'd in beauty,
 With bird and blossom rare,
 Then march'd a band of stalwart men,
 The wonder home to bear;
 And the priest with holy water goes,
 To guard the treasure there.

Twilight was falling softly,
 On river, bay, and lawn;
 The wondering tribe, in musings deep,
 Were to the forest drawn;
 They had waited for their friends' return,
 Since morning's earliest dawn.

But list! above the murmur
 Of the distant cascade's roar
 Comes breathing through the perfumed woods
 Strains never heard before;
 No tones like these had echo woke
 Upon their pebbled shore.

Now rose the victors' shouting—
 But with it, on them fell
 Tones clear and sweet, such as till then
 Ne'er caused their hearts to swell;
 When sudden, from all tongues was heard,
 "The Bell; it is the Bell!"

Down the St. Lawrence floating,
 When the sun has westward roll'd,
 St. Regis' graceful spire is seen,
 Like a shaft of burnish'd gold:
 As the vesper's notes are blending
 With the billows' murmuring swell,
 How sweetly o'er the waters float
 Thy tones, ST. REGIS BELL!

THERE is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he ever so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, all these, like hell dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled—all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

IT would be difficult to find a more striking picture of the true *moral sublime*, than that presented in the "Declaration of Independence" of the North American Colonies, with its fifty-six appended signatures. Never before did human mind and hand give to the world a document producing such results upon the physical, civil, intellectual, and religious world. Immediately prior to the date of this instrument, Benjamin Franklin had been exerting to their utmost his unrivaled diplomatic talents to allay those feelings of animosity which subsisted between Great Britain and the infant colonies—mutual animosity occasioned by the oft-repeated acts of injustice exercised by the former toward the latter. Notwithstanding Franklin's righteous cause was so ably and eloquently advocated by those two far-sighted British peers, Chatham and Camden, parliament was inexorable, unyielding. Franklin's unsuccessful embassy was closed, and he directed his course homeward, arriving in Philadelphia in the May of 1775; he found that hostilities had broken out between the colonists and the British forces. It was in the spring of 1776 that the leading statesmen of America resolved to close this unhappy contest by an absolute and final severance of the colonies from the mother country—the colonies shall be placed under an independent government. No sooner has this been determined upon than the following members of Congress are appointed a committee to draft a Declaration of Independence, viz.: Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman and Livingston. This committee was appointed under the following resolution: "Resolved, That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that all political connection between them and Great Britain is, and of right ought to be, totally dissolved." Some discussion was had thereon; and when the vote came to be taken for its adoption, Pennsylvania and South Carolina were against it. Delaware was divided, and New-York did not vote on account of some informality in the instructions of her delegates. But by the time the final and decisive vote was to be taken, the delegates from all the colonies had either received

fresh intelligence, or more clear and distinct instructions, so that there was at last a concurrence of all the colonies, and on the 4th of July, 1776, all the members present, with one exception, immortalized their names by appending them to this now most renowned of all political documents.

We have seen that a committee of five were appointed to draft this paper; but its actual execution was by the nervous and energetic pen of that man of prescient intellect and unparalleled acumen, Thomas Jefferson. After the author has listened with some degree of impatience to the criticisms offered by his colleagues, and submitted to a few not very material alterations, the instrument is adopted substantially as first presented.

We need not here quote, in whole or in part, the production now before us; for on each return of the "Glorious Fourth" we all listen with rapt attention to its liberty-breathing sentiments, its soul-stirring strains, its spirit-thrilling language. Leaving the document, allow us a few words about the intrepid men who signed it, while English cannon were booming in their ears, British steel glittering before their eyes, and Jack Ketch's rope dangling over their heads.

If we count the names before us we shall find them fifty-six in number. *Fifty-six!* The number is significant. Some one has said of it—"The greatest fifty-six the world ever saw—all Europe could not lift it." Foremost of this grand galaxy is the firm, undaunted, and massive signature of "JOHN HANCOCK." Some wise-aces would have us believe that character may be read by an inspection of handwriting. Perhaps this would be no difficult task if—as in the instance now before us—there were circumstances sufficient to compel the writer "to throw his whole soul on the point of his pen." That such was the case on the occasion here brought to view is sufficiently evinced by the oral remark which immediately succeeded this bold act. It is a well-known historical fact, that in consequence of his resolute and unceasing efforts to rouse the colonists to war against British tyranny, John Hancock had so much incurred the resentment of the home government, that a reward of *one thousand pounds* had been offered for his apprehension. It was in allusion to this, when, having in such mammoth characters affixed his name to the

Declaration, he threw down the pen with the remark: "There! Johnny Bull can read that without spectacles; let him double his reward—I defy him!" His grateful country is, and ever will be proud of him.

At no great distance from the name of Hancock, we meet with the zigzag signature of "STEPHEN HOPKINS." Notwithstanding Mr. Hopkins belonged to the eminently peaceful society of "Friends," we believe, had circumstances required it, he would not have been slow to unsheathe the sword in defense of the liberties of his beloved country. The venerable patriot seized the pen with a palsied hand but with a dauntless spirit. Some one near him at the time, pointing to the irregularly traced autograph, remarked—"You write with a *trembling hand*." "Ah!" it was instantly replied, "but John Bull will find I haven't got a *trembling heart*."

Further along the list we meet with CHARLES CARROL, of Carrollton. At this time there were to be found in this section of the country quite a number of Carrols, and more than one of these zealous in the struggles of the day bore the Christian name of Charles. When Carrol had simply written "Charles Carrol," a member near him remarked, "There is not much danger for you, seeing there are others who bear the same name." "Is there not?" he replied, and immediately added, "of Carrollton," thus distinctly designating where might be found—if King George had any special desire to see him—the Charles Carrol, who had the audacity to shake his clenched fist in the face of the growling lion.

Such were the men of the time; but where did these heroes hail from? Which of the several bright stars of our grand constellation claims the honor of their nativity? We have entered upon this inquiry with some care. The following is the result of our investigation:—Virginia stands foremost. She gave nine. Next comes Massachusetts with eight. Maryland is next in the train with five. South Carolina, Pennsylvania, New-Jersey, and Connecticut, each contributed four. Delaware, New-York, and Ireland, each gave three. Rhode Island, England and Scotland two each. Maine, New-Hampshire, and South Wales, each one.

A few other facts connected with this

parchment may not be entirely devoid of interest. At the time it was signed, Benjamin Franklin was the oldest man; his age was seventy, he having been born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1706. Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, was the youngest; his age was twenty-seven. He was junior to Thomas Lynch, of South Carolina, by but three months.

Whether John Morton of Delaware, or Butler Gwinnet of England, first descended to the tomb, we cannot now speak confidently: both died in 1777—Mr. Gwinnet May 27; the day or month of Mr. Morton's death cannot now be correctly ascertained. Charles Carrol stands forth with marked peculiarity on this list. Not only is he the only one who gives his place of residence, but he was the last survivor of the illustrious band, and also attained to a greater age than any of the rest, he being, at the time of his death, November 14th, 1832, ninety-five. Thomas Lynch, one of the two youngest at the time of signing, was also the youngest in death: he died about 1780, aged thirty-one. Thomas Jefferson and John Adams both died on the *fourth of July*, of the same year, 1826; the former at the age of eighty-three, the latter ninety-one.

We have been able to ascertain the several ages of fifty-three of these distinguished men at the time they signed the Declaration. Their united ages present an aggregate of two thousand three hundred and thirty-six years, giving an average to each of forty-four years twenty-seven days. The aggregate years at death of fifty-two of this number, (the ages of the other four we have no means of correctly ascertaining,) is three thousand three hundred and ninety-one; average sixty-five. Three of these lived to be more than ninety; twelve more than eighty; twenty-one attained to more than seventy. Where else shall we look for such instances of longevity? It will be seen at once that the daring deed they had committed did not "frighten them to death."

Most of them lived to see some of the results of this first decisive blow for the complete redemption of their country. Some of them lived many years to enjoy civil and religious blessings, such as the universal Creator never yet vouchsafed to any other people he has made.

The present month calls us again to

commemorate these noble men. While we revere, cherish, and embalm their memories, let us most devoutly thank, adore, and serve that God who gave them for the rescue of our country in the time of her greatest peril. "He hath not dealt so with any nation, and as for his judgments we have not known them. Praise ye the Lord!"

[For the National Magazine.]

SKETCHES IN EUROPE.

ON a Monday morning, considered quite fair and bright for London, I took the train for Windsor, to visit the castle. The sun was struggling to force his beams through the double pall of fog and smoke which always overhangs the great city; the members of the Bull family were very generally in the street, felicitating themselves upon this dubious sunshine, the very best the metropolis ever gets; and the pedestrians, feeling it very 'ot, were crowding the shady side, when it would have been difficult for a Yankee to determine which side that might be. The engine darted off at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and the change of the atmosphere, of which we became quickly conscious, was as great, and almost as sudden, as that experienced in passing from a smoky room into one entirely free from that disagreeable vapor. London and its manufactured clouds were left behind, and only the haze belonging alike to every part of the island remained. My eyes seemed just to have emerged from a two weeks' eclipse, and winked and rolled about in astonishment at the great distance to which they could throw their glances; and my poor throat, which had been converted into a chimney, a receptacle for soot, a conductor of smoke, felt itself suddenly freed from the strangling incubus. And when the pure, soft, sweet country air breathed around me, and as it swept through my windpipe and expelled from it the last flake of soot, I felt as though some fairy, with a brush of the down of wild flowers, had passed through all the blackened air cells, and cleansed them, and now was sitting, full of glee, upon my shoulder, flourishing her tiny brush and warbling her song. "God made the country," but it was certainly not the country between London and Windsor—this is man-made; not, indeed, in the

sense in which man made London or Paris, but in the sense in which he makes a yard or a garden. It is yard and garden scenery. The fields are surrounded by fences and hedges precisely alike; the grass in one inclosure is just as high, just as thick, and just as green as that in another; the crops all appear to be equally good; and husbandry, like a grim and jealous guardian, watches every nook, as if to prevent a runaway match between nature and the smallest spot of earth, compelling even the fence corners to submit, like the other parts of the field, to the rude embraces of the plow, and to bring forth their fruit according to art. When I first saw the scenery in the neighborhood of the English metropolis, it made a very different impression upon my mind, and drew from me, in a letter to a friend, the following description. Speaking of our arrival in England, the letter says: "When we entered the channel we found it enveloped in a heavy fog, through which we made our way for a day and a half; at the end of which time, it partly cleared away, and disclosed a succession of the most beautiful landscapes my eyes ever lighted upon; not overwhelmingly grand like the mountain scenery of your native state, (Virginia,) but soft, gentle, charming. The farmers were just in the midst of their hay harvest, and the air, freighted with scent of the half-dried grass, was wafted to our famished sense across the waters of the Thames, and we drank it in as though the very spirits of the flowers had bathed their fragrant pinions in it. O how delightful are the odors of the land after smelling nothing but salt water and being drenched in foam for sixteen long, long days! The fields lay fresh and green along the banks of the river; their surfaces looking smooth as floors, sloping away from the water's edge to what appeared to be higher lands, crowned for the most part with woods. And all through the fields themselves, here and there, were scattered clumps of beautiful forest trees, relieving by their height and their deeper green the more extended surface and brighter green of the fields. But the fields were not all covered with grass: the wheat field, ripe and ripening, was there, waving in golden beauty and beckoning the scytheman and reaper to come and gather its stores. There also, after a little more careful looking, I saw the fresh

ground itself, with no growth at all upon it, just prepared to receive seed, of what sort I knew not. I only knew it was a pleasing contrast with the monotonous blue of old ocean. About every half mile, on one side or the other of the river, a neat church might be seen, generally built of stone, with a tower, and surrounded by tall trees. There stood the farm-houses, there grazed the cattle—not like poor old brindle, confined to one spot on the deck of the vessel, and looking only in one direction, but roaming at will; and on the whole, there rested that peculiar mist or haze which never leaves these scenes for a single day. This last feature, the haze, you would think must mar the beauty of the English landscape; but the truth is just the contrary. It is true you see objects less distinctly; but for that very reason your view is the more delightful:—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

England has no mountains of note, which distance can invest with enchantment, or clothe with azure; but what distance does in other lands, the haze does in England: it conceals the sharp angles, smooths the rough surfaces, and clothes in mild, soft, mysterious raiment of mingled light and shade every object on which it rests." This was written immediately after the most intense longings for the sight of land of any sort, and amidst the joy of recovery from sea sickness; but still it contains much truth, and, indeed, may be considered entirely correct when the view one takes is open and extensive. The scenery on the way to Windsor was only seen a little at a time, and at great disadvantage—through the car windows.

But let us return to the cars, and engage the English in conversation. The railroad carriages, like everything else in England, are constructed on the close-communion principle; every man belongs to some particular class, distinctly marked, and must keep his place. Hence when you enter the cars you do not, as in this country, find yourself in a large open apartment, with fifty or sixty traveling companions, almost any one of whom you may engage in conversation; but in a small carriage with six or eight others, who, if they should be strangers to you and to one another,

will be as silent as if speaking were a crime. They must not speak, much less converse with these strangers, lest they should form an acquaintance which they might blush to be obliged to recognize in some other place. I always tried to break this spell of caste and suspicion; and candor compels me to say that, in every case, as soon as they knew me to be an American, they threw away all restraint, appearing anxious to receive information, and willing in turn to communicate.

"What river is this?" said I to a gentleman before me, as we crossed a sluggish stream about thirty yards wide, which, like a sick serpent, was slowly dragging its slow length through the tame scenery already described.

"This is the Thames," said he.

In a moment I thought of the Mississippi and the other great rivers which traverse our vast country for thousands of miles, and then through their enormous estuaries pour their floods into the ocean, and feeling my bosom swell with patriotic pride, I unfortunately let fall the remark, "This, then, is your *great* river." He answered with great delicacy and propriety:—

"We do not consider the Thames a great river on account of its size; but because there is more business done on it than on any other river in the world."

I said nothing—what could I say? The same gentleman was not so fortunate in another part of the conversation. We were just coming in sight of the castle, which disclosed itself, perched on the edge of a bank about twenty feet high, when my interlocutor asked me if I had "observed upon what a *wonderful elevation* the castle was built?"

Our fate at Windsor Castle was such as ordinarily befalls sight-seers at great houses; we had to go through a great many apartments and see a great many fine pictures, which cost us no little laborious walking, tiresome standing, and hard looking; this last I consider decidedly more severe upon the traveler than anything else. The eyes become pained by the continual strain upon them, the colors seem to run together, and finally all the pictures come to look very much alike, and we feel disposed to shut our eyes with the exclamation, "Blessed is the man who first invented sleep!" The man who conducted us through the building set

out by admonishing us that we must keep our "hats off while passing through the palace." This of course was intended to remind us of the right of royalty to reverence and worship, and to assist in keeping up the hoary delusion that regal humanity is cast in a nobler and grander mold than that of the people. But the attempt is vain. I take off my hat with a republican smirk, fully satisfied that the principal difference personally between the queen and other honest women is to be found in the article of clothes.

After viewing the castle and the connected grounds, we took a chaise and started for Stoke Pogis Church, near Stoke Park, for several centuries the residence of the family of William Penn, the famous Quaker and founder of Pennsylvania. The estate has lately passed into other hands. This celebrated place is about five miles from Windsor, and in reaching it we drove over the smoothest road I ever saw—the vehicle was scarcely jostled by a single obstruction, nor the horses nor the view relieved by any kind of a hill. The surrounding country, though flat, still seemed to me to have an appearance of freshness and life about it, which I had not been able to find in the country between London and Windsor; but this difference may have been merely a fancy of my own, a bloom and sweetness shed upon the landscape from kindling thoughts and a heated imagination,—an inward change, rather than an outward diversity. I was no longer pent up in the ears, drawn by machinery, and assailed by sparks, but behind the live horses, with the top of the carriage down, the soft breezes gently fanning us, the light mildly scintillating in the hazy air, and the birds in the hedges by the wayside chirping time to the music of the horses' feet. Part of the way, too, I was thinking of William Penn: my fancy went back to the time when he made a part of the scenes before me; I could see him crossing these fields in his plain clothes, looking as trim and curt as the cropped hedges that skirted the way. But what excited me most of all was the memory of the poet Gray, to see whose grave I was making this pilgrimage to Stoke Pogis Church. His muse possessed me, and tenderly, yet powerfully excited me. He was looking across these very fields, with his eye fixed on those buildings in which he received the earlier

part of his education, when he penned the following lines of his beautiful ode "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College." These fields shaped and colored his inspiration:

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights, th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose towers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-wending way.
Ah, happy hills! Ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring."

Stoke Pogis Church stands in the midst of a field, a little off from the road. Its situation is beautiful and even romantic. In going through the field we passed a straw-thatched cottage which we took to be the sexton's house, a perfect model of neatness and taste, at least outside. Around the door-frame ran a flowering vine, starting so regularly from the ground on each side, running and winding and blooming to the top, and there uniting its tendrils so perfectly, that it seemed like a fixture, and made one think it must stay there always. In this door-way stood a well-looking, tidily-dressed woman, evidently in holiday trim—the descendant, perhaps, of her who made the "blazing" fire and "plied the evening care," alluded to in the verse—

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall
burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

We entered the church-yard, the place in which the poet wrote his Elegy, and where

"—rests his head upon the lap of Earth,"

and there we saw the materials of that beautiful poem, scattered around us in every direction. There stood "the ivy-mantled tower," the steeple of the church, out of which the poet heard the moping owl complain to the moon. It is still almost entire—

ly covered with ivy; and as we looked at it, what a mournful sweetness we seemed to hear and feel in the well-known stanza—

"Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

Yonder, still strong and green, stood "the yew-trees," which lent their shade to the poet and his verse; and here, vying in height with the tower, flourished the "rugged elms," both well known, at least by name, to every reader of English poetry. While we looked, the turf almost seemed to heave afresh, and the old trees, gently moved by the breezes, to murmur out—

"Beneath these rugged elms, this yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

At a little distance we saw

"The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,"

and had a remote, dreamy perception of music in the air, which recalled the line,

"And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;"

while all around us, on stone and wood, with chisel and paint-brush, and in natural characters on grassy mounds which could not boast a stone, or even a piece of plank, were written

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

These graves, and their boards, and stones, and sod, in themselves contain the *disjecta membra* of the following stanzas—the soul of the poet was needed, not to create, but to put them together:

"Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

"Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die."

We had not informed ourselves before starting in what part of the yard the poet was buried; and as we had no guide, we wandered about for some time, straining our sight to decipher the dimmest inscrip-

tions on the oldest and most discolored stones, if haply we might find the right one, which by-and-by we did. We discovered a slab of sandstone in the wall of the church, on the outside, just under a window, bearing this inscription:—

"Opposite to this stone, in the same tomb in which he has so feelingly recorded his grief at the loss of a beloved parent, are deposited the remains of Thomas Gray, the author of 'The Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard.' He was buried here August 6, 1771."

Just in front of this stone, and only a few feet from it, is the tomb alluded to. Gray's name is not on it, although it contains his dust, which was placed here, with those of his mother and aunt, by his own direction. The marble shows the two following inscriptions:—

"In the vault beneath are deposited, in hope of a joyful resurrection, the remains of Mary Antrobus. She died unmarried, Nov., 1749, aged 66."

"In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her. She died March 11th, 1753, aged 67."

The poet himself was of course the surviving child, who, as the slab in the wall tells us, has so feelingly recorded his grief in the tombstone. We filled our pockets with memorials of the place, and took our leave. On our way out we found quite a stately monument, erected in honor of Gray, at the expense of a Mr. Penn. It stands in the field near the gate at which we entered, and is handsomely inclosed, the space in the inclosure being neatly laid off into walks and flower-beds, and filled with beautiful and well-cultivated flowers.

Thomas Gray was of humble origin, his mother being a milliner, and his father a money-scrievener; though what may be the duties of this last-named profession I am sure I cannot say; but if it meant *Knight of Gold*, which would be the highest distinction in this money-loving age, still he was of low birth, because his mother was a milliner, it being essential to the highest respectability to wear a fine bonnet, but not at all respectable to make one. And yet half the fine ladies and gentlemen have been made by the milliner and tailor, out of people who, but for their art, would have remained common. Through the exertions of his excellent

mother, Gray rose above the disadvantages of birth and fortune, and in spite of the churlishness and dastardly meanness of his father, secured a university education, and finally took his position in the front rank of the lyric poets of the world. This miserable father, influenced by jealousy, practiced upon his wife the most unheard-of cruelties, beating her sometimes until she was black and blue. He tried to ruin her business, and even threatened to destroy his own, that she might suffer the heaviest calamity in being obliged to recall her son from the university. This inhuman conduct no doubt embittered the life of his son, sinking deep into his sensitive heart, aggravating his constitutional melancholy, and greatly enfeebling his health. Gray never mentions his father; but he loved his mother with doting tenderness, and after her death could never hear her name without deep emotion. In his will he left the following direction as to the disposal of his body: "First, I do desire that my body may be deposited in the vault made by my late dear mother in the church-yard of Stoke Pogis, near Slough, Buckingham, in Buckinghamshire, by her remains, in a coffin of seasoned oak, neither lined nor covered, and (unless it be very inconvenient) I could wish that one of my executors may see me laid in the grave, and distribute among such honest and industrious persons in the said parish as he thinks fit the sum of ten pounds in charity."

On Sabbath afternoon I started for church, taking some of the worst parts of London in my way, that I might see how they looked in their Sunday clothes. When I reached Smithfield, formerly the place of public execution, and enriched with the blood of some of the noblest martyrs, but now the great cattle-market of the city, I stopped to look about me. This is a great place for gin palaces. I stood here one evening when the shop windows were all a-blaze with gas, and counted, without moving, about a dozen of these dens. The dawn of the Sabbath had made no change; there were the "palaces" still open, and more crowded, both with men and women, than on any other day of the week. All distilled liquors sell at enormous prices in England. I remember once, when I had stiffened my sinews and made my feet very sore by walking, I sent the maid to get a pint of common

whisky, in which to bathe the suffering members, and supposing it to be cheap as at home, I gave her twenty-five cents to pay for it. She returned without it, telling me that a pint of whisky would cost sixty cents. I did get a pint of gin for thirty-seven cents. And yet these miserable people, so poor as hardly to be able to buy meat and bread enough to keep soul and body together, must have these strong liquors. As I stood at Smithfield, looking about me, I saw two boys fighting in a lot, a little off from the street, and a police officer leaning against the fence enjoying the sport. Advancing, I touched his elbow, and he instantly commanded the peace, and the boys scampered. This being settled between us, I asked him if he could direct me to some of the most degraded portions of the city, those most noted for wretchedness, filth and crime,—he answered in the affirmative, stating that the very worst places were near at hand, and offering to become my conductor. I passed through Union-court, Plumtree-court, Saffron-hill and Lily-st., a bouquet whose fragrance can never be forgotten. These names are a practical irony, intended to give, by contrast, additional pungency to the most offensive smells. They remind one of the useful and beautiful in nature—of delicate flowers and delicious odors—of exquisite textures, and charming shapes and colors, only to fill the eye with the most disgusting sights, the olfactories with steaming stench, and the soul with loathing and horror. I feel bound to protest, with all the energy of my reason and taste, against such a misappropriation of some of the best and sweetest of names. Wordsworth, in his poem of Peter Bell, says of his villainous hero—

"A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

I am afraid it will be worse with me than even this: a lily will not be a lily, nor a plum a plum; and as to saffron, I fear it will become to my mind the permanent emblem of the wretched street that bears its name.

Union-court is about six or eight feet wide, with houses or rather kennels on each side, the abodes of men, women and children, though not fit for dogs. These people looked at us as though they thought I had brought the policeman for the pur-

pose of ferreting out a thief and recovering stolen goods. They presented, for the most part, the appearance of self-moving bundles of rags, principally corduroy, with caps and wretched human countenances at the upper end. Among this ragamuffin crew there was a decently-clad young woman, rather pretty, about twenty years old, with a fine healthy-looking child in her arms, seeming as happy in this sty, among her degraded companions, as though she had been in a palace. I would not have gone through this court alone for untold wealth; I might have been lassoed and dragged into one of the kennels and dispatched in a moment, before I could have let the world know anything about what was going on.

Plumtree-court, Saffron-hill, and Lily-street, were nearly as filthy as the place we have just described, but not so narrow, and as a matter of course containing more daylight. I walked through the two latter unattended. The shops were open: within, they were offering for sale shoes and old clothes; and without, with usual cries, *plums*, strawberries, onions, and the almost ubiquitous gooseberry. I confess that for a moment I almost doubted the respectability of my personal appearance when the dealers in old clothes saluted me with invitations to buy,—I did not know but that I might have come suddenly out at the elbows. Just in the center of Saffron-hill the government has built a handsome Gothic church, and hung out a sign, inviting the people of the neighborhood to come and have seats for nothing. I was very anxious to see what sort of a congregation would be at church in such a locality, but I could not wait.

I omitted to say that when the policeman was conducting me out of the last court, and just before leaving me in Holborn, he remarked, "If we meet my superintendent of police, and he asks me where I have been, you must tell him that a boy picked your pocket, and ran up into this court, and that you took me with you to get back your property." I made no answer. He repeated it. Still I made no answer. He repeated it a second time, telling me I might say that "the boy was dressed in corduroy." Thinking then it was time to speak, I replied that I was a conscientious man, and could not say that. He blushed and said, "O well, tell it as it was."

[For the National Magazine.]

THE MODEL PASTOR.

A SKETCH FOR A CANDIDATE, FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A SUPERANNUATED PREACHER.

YOU desire me to describe the ministry demanded by these times. This is no easy task for one who has never possessed much skill in delineating character, and, especially, as the subject to be sketched is a personage whom I have never seen, if indeed he is now living. A painful contrast between the limner and the picture is also a source of embarrassment; and in addressing myself to the work, I feel very much as a certain rustic preacher expressed himself, who, like the Great Teacher, entered the ministry, not from a university, but a carpenter's shop. On an important occasion, when about to preach a searching sermon, he said, "Brethren, I must hew to the gospel line, even if the fragments fly into my own face."

Without further preliminaries, I proceed to remark that the minister for these days, of course, is a man of undoubted and ardent piety. By this expression I mean, not merely that he is a man of amiable disposition, exemplary deportment, and unquestionable integrity, but of extraordinary devotion, that is, above the average tone of piety among the laity, and strongly resembling, if not fully equal to, that of the apostles. Firmly believing that it is the privilege of Christian ministers to attain as high degree of holiness as was enjoyed in the primitive Church, and that the times demand as complete consecration to God, he is satisfied with no standard of inward purity and practical zeal lower than that to which those holy men aspired; and thus, fixing his eyes upon these illustrious models, he presses onward in the pursuit of the same glorious mark.

There is a beautiful *symmetry* in the religious character of the subject of my sketch. His religion is not all theory, nor all emotion, nor all activity; but he attends equally to the head-work, heart-work, and hand-work of Christian obligation. He does not cultivate religious knowledge at the expense of heavenly charity, nor fervent zeal to the neglect of childlike humility; but while he aspires after the perfect love of John, and the chastened zeal of Peter, he cherishes the lowliness of Paul, who, though styled the

great apostle by others, esteemed himself as the least of saints. Accordingly, he neither voluntarily conceals, nor ostentatiously displays the grace of God bestowed upon him. He does not *make* his light shine, but *lets* it shine, because its nature is to shine, and to hide it under a bushel would be to defeat the object for which it was kindled. He lets it shine, however, not only in the utterance of good *words*, but in the exhibition also of good *works*; not by fitful impulses, like the flickering meteor, but in a steady, clear, burning flame, like the sun in the orient, which "shines more and more unto the perfect day." He does not often speak of himself; but when he does refer to his religious attainments or personal conflicts, he does it in such a manner that the most prejudiced hearer is convinced that his words are the legitimate offspring, not of spiritual pride, but of the constraining love of Christ.

While analyzing the elements of the moral character of the preacher for these times, his *simplicity* deserves special observation. By simplicity I do not mean merely, that as a religious teacher he successfully aims to adapt his public and private ministrations to the capacity of the illiterate as well as the learned,—the child as well as the sage,—and in imitation of Christ while addressing "common people," avails himself of common illustrations familiar to the masses, however offensive to the ear of the fastidious sentimentalist, who prefers elegant obscurity to unadorned truth. True, I mean this, but I mean more. I mean that there is not only a transparency about his *preaching*, by which his sermons are clearly comprehended, but that there is also a transparency about *himself*, so to speak, by which he is known and read of all men as an "Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." There is such an openness, frankness, and artlessness about all his movements, such a freedom in communicating himself and unvailing *his own* heart, as well as scanning the hearts of *others*, that, while enjoying intercourse with him, there is not the slightest room for the idea to insinuate itself in one's mind, that intrigue or ulterior design has any place in his heart, or that he in the least suspects us of selfish or unworthy aims.

The next noticeable feature in the minister for these times is his *studious habit*.

I do not assert that he is an *educated* man, for this is a very vague term, sometimes implying an extensive knowledge of mere *books*, and sometimes referring not so much to the actual acquirements, as to the *place* where his knowledge is acquired. Indeed, he makes no pretension of having *finished* his education, for he expects never to complete it, but to spend eternity in adding to his intellectual and moral acquisitions.

Knowing, however, that the present is an age when it may with peculiar emphasis be said that "many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased,"—a prolific age of literature, bold investigation, free inquiry, and skepticism, when men with strange recklessness are combatting antiquated notions because they are old, and eagerly seeking new inventions, not only in the arts and sciences, but even in religion—he feels it specially incumbent upon him as a faithful watchman discerning the signs of the times, to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints;" and hence finds it absolutely necessary, not merely to keep even pace with, but a respectful distance in advance of the current intelligence of the age.

It is true, in view of the brevity of life, and the vast treasures of knowledge now open for the inquiring mind, he sees it needful to hold his curiosity somewhat in check, and keeping his sacred commission in mind, he devotes his studious hours chiefly to exploring those fields of knowledge by which he can make the "fullest proof of his ministry."

With his eye ever upon this object, it may with propriety be said he is a *constant student*; a student everywhere; not only in his library, but his closet—in the pulpit, the parlor, and the street. Wherever he goes, he sees abundant materials for thought; he finds

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

There is nothing around, above, beneath, or within him, which his habit of close observation and patient analysis does not render available in preaching luminously and successfully the unsearchable riches of Christ. Thus it is that he understands the happy art of studying to advantage; of so "looking into the seeds of things," and habituating his mind by severe discipline to continuous and intense thought, that

when an unexpected and important public emergency drives him into his study, he is able to effect more there in a few hours, perhaps, than others of far greater native mental strength, but of different habits, can accomplish in as many days.

Again, the pastor for our times is a man of *large and comprehensive views*. He is not like the "*one idea*" men, whose creed is composed of but one article, and who can see only one side of a question; whose vision is confined within the narrow inclosures of one sect, or, if they venture to look further, can descry nothing but dangerous heresy or moral obliquity; whose reading is limited to one class of books, and who are incapable of comprehending or adapting themselves to more than one class of men, namely, those whose ideas are compressible into the same nut-shell as their own: but he has so disciplined his mental eye, that while in its far-seeing and admiring gaze it can comprehend whatever is lovely or of good report in the wide world of mind and matter in general within the range of finite ken; at the same time, with microscopic acumen, it can examine and classify the minutest object in particular, thus giving to each subject claiming his attention, its appropriate portion of consideration. His heart is as large as his vision is expansive; but while he has no fellowship with hoary bigotry, but recognizes a Christian brother who bears the image and exemplifies the spirit of Christ, whether he can or cannot pronounce the Shibboleth of *his* party, he is equally at loggerheads with precocious latitudinarianism, having little sympathy with those modern pseudo-reformers, who seek an antidote for the ills of society either by a total disorganization, or universal amalgamation of the different departments of the visible Church.

In connection with his liberal views, his moral *firminess* should be mentioned. Some suppose that in these quiet days of religious toleration, when a Christian profession is so fashionable, there is no great demand for decision of character even in an ambassador of Christ. This is a great error. Our great adversary, so far from being dead or even asleep, is no less malignant in spirit, and vigilant in action, than in the sad days when he instigated his servants boldly to open their fiery batteries upon the Church. As he has only changed his mode of warfare, to adapt it

to these more enlightened and temporizing times, no less moral firmness is requisite to resist his seductive flatteries, by which, on the enchanted plains of Ono, he courts a matrimonial alliance between the disciples of Jesus and the votaries of mammon, than in the eventful period when he sought the extirpation of vital Christianity by violence.

Another invaluable possession of the model pastor is *common sense*. Though there are some, perhaps, who tower above him in the splendor of their talents and profoundness of their learning, he is able to exert a wider influence and accomplish far more than they, by having a superior intellectual balance-wheel, by which his resources are more available, and for which he is indebted not so much to native gift, as to a judicious application of his mind to practical subjects, and the study of human nature by intercourse with practical men. In no age of the world has common sense been in greater demand than it is at present. Indeed, what avails rhetorical sense, and logical sense, and theological sense, or even spiritual, and every other kind of sense, without *common sense*? It is by the possession of this indispensable regulator, that the subject of my sketch is, by divine grace, enabled in his Biblical researches to avoid those whimsical, if not contradictory and absurd interpretations of Scripture which too often characterize the learned expositions of the present day. By this, amid the multitudinous reformatory movements, so called, each of which is clamorously demanding his special, if not exclusive patronage, as "*the great enterprise of the day*," he is enabled so to discriminate between the genuine and spurious organizations, as to be capable without hesitation of showing which are entitled to public regard as measures of real utility, and which should be branded as the offspring of imposition and fanaticism in these *spirit-stirring* times. By this element of mental character he intuitively understands what estimate to place upon the fulsome flatteries of his professed friends and the bitter vituperations of his enemies. By this, he steers in the happy medium between that species of prudence which is only another name for cowardice or indolence, and that fiery, self-consuming zeal which is not according to knowledge. And thus, also, he is able to make a ju-

deicious distribution of his precious time; not adopting the habit of those whose days and nights are so exclusively monopolized by their folios and *stilus*, that their public discourses diffuse more of the odor of the lamp than the redolence of holy incense, and are about as effectual in healing the broken-hearted as the random prescriptions of the bookish empiric who never condescends to examine his patients. Nor, on the other hand, does he follow the equally objectionable practice of those who, indulging an excessive inclination for society, or in compliance with the too-often unreasonable demands of their flock, are so incessantly gadding abroad that they become victims of mental dissipation, expose themselves to public contempt by undue familiarity, and cause even their starveling sermons sometimes mournfully to cry out: "O my leanness, my leanness!" In a word, by the harmonious combination of common sense and sterling principle, he is enabled so to regulate his intercourse with the world as to avoid alike the appearance of the self-complacent, haughty Pharisee, who despised others, and the time-serving ecclesiastical politician, who unscrupulously sacrifices, not only his own ministerial dignity, but the honor of his Master, for a savory mess of adulation.

My limits will allow me, at present, only to glance at a negative yet invaluable characteristic of the preacher for these times,—I allude to his freedom from what is commonly termed *eccentricity*. There are in these days not a few men of real mental strength and moral worth, whose influence is greatly circumscribed by the unfortunate possession of some repulsive peculiarities or oddities, denominated, in charitable parlance, *eccentricity*. Indeed, some men seem not only aware that they possess singularities which have no necessary or favorable relation to Christian character, but they even *cultivate* these peculiarities, if they do not glory in them. Not so, however, our model pastor. He affects no departure from the usual customs of enlightened Christian society, nor indulges in any quaintness or oddities in the performance of his solemn functions which are calculated to divert attention from his subject to himself, and excite the prejudices of many over whom a different demeanor might enable him to exert a happy influence: for he well knows that every

man, especially every Christian minister, is required to avoid not only palpable evil, but the very *appearance* of evil. He knows that if a preacher have peculiarities, whether natural or acquired, which are justly offensive to those who have an intelligent and correct idea of ministerial propriety, and which tend to abridge his influence, he is religiously bound, as far as possible, to get rid of them. Thus, if a man's habit is to be coarse, abrupt, and severe, in his communication with others, he should go to the footstool of the meek and gentle Saviour, and lie there until delivered from this infirmity, lest his boasted frankness and fidelity be mistaken for impudence and ill-breeding. If a man finds himself inclined to indulge unduly in witticisms, or in ludicrous story-telling, he should overcome such propensities at all hazards, lest, before he is aware, he finds himself reduced in public estimation to the level of the harlequin. If a clergyman, by early habit, is distinguished for such marked attention to his person and apparel, that his appearance in the pulpit at once excites the suspicion that he has spent far more time at his *toilette* than in his closet, he ought to get the better of his weakness, lest the ambassador of Christ be mistaken for a coxcomb, and the people, infected by his example, shall metamorphose the Church of God into a saloon of fashion. On the other hand, if he inclines so far to the other extreme as to appear singularly rustic, slovenly, or antiquated in his habiliments, he should conscientiously eschew such peculiarities at whatever cost, lest his negligence be construed into avarice, while his more charitable and tender-hearted hearers would be likely to spend the hour of his public administration in commiserating the poverty of the preacher, instead of meditating his subject.

When I was quite young, I heard a man hold forth who possessed not only the last-named peculiarity, but evidently cultivated other eccentric habits. As he disdained the occupancy of the pulpit, and took his position in the broad aisle, his entire outer man was visible to most of the audience; but all that I can remember, besides, about him or his performance, were the huge patches of different colors of homespun which he had upon his knees, and his singular text, namely, "*There is death in the pot.*"

LOOK AT THE FACTS.

OUR DESTINY AND OUR DUTY.

THE sudden outspread of our country within a few years, with the numerous new and national consequences attendant upon it, has hardly been appreciated by most of its citizens, especially by Christian citizens. The politicians—the demagogues—have taken it into account, measuring well its bearings on their party schemes; but the friends of education and religion, they who have in their hands the most intrinsic elements of the national well-being, are they conscious of the stupendous outgrowth of the Republic—of the perilous elements of its population, of the almost inevitable, and we were about to say, immeasurable disproportion which will soon exist between that population and the provisions of education and religion which we are making for it?

Look at the facts, we repeat. In less than half a century from this date, *more than one hundred millions* of human souls will be dependent upon these provisions for their intellectual and moral nutriment. They bear now no adequate relation to the necessities of the land. Our larger communities are continually degenerating, our new territories make but a dubious moral progress. Ask yourself, then, the question, Christian citizen, if, after more than two centuries of religious and educational efforts, under the most auspicious circumstances of the country, we have but partially provided for twenty-five millions, how shall we in only fifty years meet the immensely enlarged moral wants of four times that number—of a *hundred millions*? The question is an appalling one—it is stunning. Our rapid growth, so much the boast of the nation, is, be assured, its most imminent peril—it is too rapid to be healthful; it is to be the severest test of both our religion and our liberties, for the one is the essential condition of the other. And yet it cannot, by any probable contingencies, be restrained. It has a momentum which will bear down, and overleap all the ordinary obstructions of population. We cannot want work, we cannot want bread, and where these exist, population must advance as inevitably as the waters under the laws of the tide.

And when we remind ourselves that so much of this popular increase is from abroad, that Europe is in an “exodus”

toward our shores—that its ignorance and vice, wave overtopping wave, rolls in upon the land, the danger assumes a still more startling aspect. *In about forty-six years from this day our population shall equal the present aggregate population of England, France, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and Denmark.* A step further in the calculation presents a prospect still more surprising and impressive; *in about seventy-six years* (we use exact terms, for we reckon by exact data) from to-day this mighty mass of commingled peoples will have swollen to the stupendous aggregate of *two hundred and forty-six millions*—equaling the present population of all Europe. According to the statistics of life, there are hundreds of thousands of our present population—one twenty-ninth at least—who will witness this truly grand result. What have you, friends of education and religion, what have you to do within that time? Your present intellectual and moral provisions for the people are, as we have said, far short of the wants of your present twenty-five millions, and in seventy-six years you must provide for more than *two hundred and twenty additional millions*—and these millions, to a great extent, composed of semibarbarous foreigners, and their mistreated children.

Look at the facts, we again repeat. Ponder them, and let every good man who has a cent to give or a prayer to offer for his country feel that on us, the citizens of the republic, at this the middle of the nineteenth century, devolves a moral exigency such as, perhaps, no other land ever saw—an exigency as full of sublimity as it is of urgency, as grand in its opportunity as it is in (we were about to say) its magnificent peril.

Look at the facts, we repeat again. This immense prospective population—certain though prospective—is to be thrown out, by the almighty hand of Providence, upon one of the grandest arenas of the world. Here, on this great continent, girded in its distant independence by the Atlantic, the Pacific, the great tropic Gulf, and the Arctic—here, away from the traditional governments and faiths and other antiquated checks of the old world, it is to play its great drama of destiny—of destiny which, as we have shown, must numerically, at least, be in seventy-six years as potential as all present Europe, and how much more potential

in all moral, political, and commercial respects? What an idea would it be—that of all Europe consolidated into one mighty, untrammelled commonwealth, in the highest civilization, liberty, religious enlightenment, and industrial development—and this mighty revolution to be completed in seventy-six years from to-day! Who would credit the conception? Yet our republic will, in that time, more than realize the stupendous idea, if its unity and moral character be not sacrificed.

Look at its field. According to an official report, the following are its grand outlines. Pause a little on each of them:—

Square Miles.	
Area of the Atlantic slope, <i>proper</i> ,.....	637,100
Area of the Atlantic slope, including only the wa- ters falling into the Gulf of Mexico east of the Mississippi.....	146,830
Area of the Atlantic slope, including only the wa- ters falling into the Gulf of Mexico west of the Mississippi.....	183,646
Total of the Atlantic slope, or of the region whose waters fall into the Atlan- tic.....	967,576
Area of the Mississippi Valley, or of the region watered by the Missis- sippi and Missouri, and tributaries	1,237,311
Area of the Pacific slope, or of the region watered by rivers falling into the Pacific.....	778,266
Total area of the United States and territories in 1853.....	2,983,153

This estimate is found to be even short of the truth; various official reports from the Land Office, and the aggregate of the census, show 3,220,572 square miles.

It is estimated from these facts that the territorial extent of the republic is nearly ten times as large as that of Great Britain and France united; three times as large as the whole of Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark combined; one and a half times as large as the Russian empire in Europe; one sixth less only than the area covered by the fifty-nine or sixty empires, states, or republics of Europe; of equal extent with the Roman empire, or that of Alexander, neither of which is said to have exceeded three millions of square miles.

What a theater is this for the achievements of civilization and religion! Surely

there should be "giants in these days" to enact worthily the enterprises of such a field; and, if circumstances make men, are we not to hope that the consciousness of this unparalleled destiny will enlarge and ennoble the intellect, the philanthropy and moral energy of the country to a scale of corresponding magnificence—will bring forth sublime examples of public devotion, of talent, and moral heroism?

Look at one other fact—a most interesting one—the large proportion of our *juvenile* population. It is a most impressive argument for the friends of education, and especially of Sunday schools. Where there is plenty of food, as there must indefinitely be in this country, there will always be plenty of children. It is a beneficent, a beautiful law—but that remark only *en passant*. *More than half our present white population* are yet in what may be called the flower of youth. We almost literally present an example of national adolescence—the freshness, the ardor, the vigor, and the susceptibility of childhood and young manhood. The white population in 1850 was 19,553,068; that portion which was under twenty years of age, 10,130,731. Under one year, 537,661; between one and five, 2,358,797; five and ten, 2,704,128; ten and fifteen, 2,402,129; fifteen and twenty, 2,128,116. Total, 10,130,731.

Pause here, educators, Sunday-school teachers—all you upon whom devolves the instruction of the young of the country!—see you not that its destiny is in your hands? The population of to-day is to surpass all the millions of Europe in about seventy-five years; and you, yes, precisely you, hold within your power one-half of the population of to-day—one-half the present elements of the grand geometrical progression. Work out, then, with a tireless hand and a sublime consciousness, this mighty arithmetic of destiny. Half the basis of this immense future nationality is under your control—see you that it is founded in the everlasting principles of truth and right.

This is the first, because the most momentous lesson of the subject. We have not introduced our calculations to croak over them—they are grave, they are almost solemn in their importance; but they challenge us to action, not to despair. Never before was there a battle-field for humanity like this; never were the elements of good and evil set forth against

each other in a grander arena; never was humanity thrown out upon conditions more experimental, more free from the trammels of old institutions, of old traditions, of old lies. It must be mighty here—that is inevitable; but it will be mighty in the strength of its wickedness, like the antediluvian giants who brought the world to dissolution; or mighty in the virtues which shall subdue the world to the reign of intelligence, virtue, and liberty. You, the teachers of the young—You, unhonored as your office may be, lay a mightier hand upon this sublime future than any other heroes in the field. Acquit yourselves like men, then! The legislators of the land—its high places of power and of professional life, may do much for it; but its humble places of education—its *primary schools* are its true fortresses—"the cheap defense of nations," as Burke called them.

These calculations present a lesson, a startling one to the teachers of religion, and all its public agents in the land. It seems almost impracticable that adequate provisions of religion can be made for this rapid progress of population. Look at the facts here again, not to despond over them, but to arouse our sense of duty. According to the census returns, the aggregate "accommodations" of all the sects of the land for religion do not now amount to thirteen million eight hundred and fifty thousand; these include not only churches or chapels, but halls, &c., used for public worship. Deduct the Roman Catholics and other non-evangelical sects, and you have but little more than thirteen million "sittings." Hardly more than half your present population have, therefore, such accommodations—this after generations of effort and expenditure. How, then, are you to provide, in about seventy-five years, for two hundred and twenty additional millions? Does not the voice of Providence, like the trumpet of destiny, call upon you to arise to this great emergency? Did there ever pass over any Christian land a day like that which is now rising upon yours? Was there ever a period in which more energy, self-sacrifice, unresting labor, devolved upon the Church?

And how are we, in this comparatively brief period, to meet the national necessity for public religious teachers? The pulpit is the citadel of truth in the world. No free legislative halls can stand where

stand no free pulpits. Already the land suffers for want of preachers. The complaint comes from all its length and breadth. Every denomination utters it. The Christian ministry is unquestionably in a comparative decline throughout the country. Temporary causes may contribute to the melancholy fact—the absorption of our young men by money-making pursuits, through the recent excitements produced by the California mines, and the great consequent outbreak of all sorts of business. But independently of these interferences, how are we to provide, within seventy-five years, for the pulpits which shall be demanded by two hundred and twenty additional millions of people? Look at the question—pause over it.

We must look to God in incessant prayers that he would raise up laborers—but we must also look to ourselves. We must open our eyes to the overwhelming exigency; we must talk about it, write about it, preach about it, till we move the Church as in a crusade for the salvation of the land. The young men of the Church must be everywhere rallied to her pulpit batteries. They must be made to feel that an extraordinary providential call for them is reverberating all along its altars; that Protestant Christianity, with its consequences to civilization and liberty, here in its chief field on the earth, devolves its destiny upon them; that the hour has come for self-sacrifices and moral heroisms such as no other modern age has seen in Christendom. This is not rhetoric, it is stringent logic—we have given the proofs, mathematical proofs. Display them everywhere in the Church—they will tell; they will rouse and rally the young manhood of our Protestantism to its great last battles. The incentives are sublime, the arena presents a territorial greatness, the exigency a moral grandeur which cannot fail to ennoble the youthful piety of the country. Popery, infidelity, popular depravity confront us here in an open field and challenge us to a pitched and conclusive battle. Who that loves the Church and his country can be indifferent to the call?

One more lesson. The religious philanthropy of the land must be redoubled, and that right speedily. It has been increasing greatly within a few years. In this respect alone we have a providential indication that we may pass safely through

the crisis. The idea of "systematic beneficence"—of the consecration of business life on the same principle as the consecration of missionary life itself—is dawning into the mind of the Church. There are now not a few successful Christian merchants and mechanics who feel that they are not *proprietors* but *stewards* of their property, and must give account in the "great day"—who are convinced they "are not their own," but belong unto the Lord, and that they have no more right to "live unto themselves," than has their Christian brother, the missionary, in the ends of the world. This is not a religious whim, it is a great logical principle of practical Christianity. It is the idea that is to save the world, and the lack of it has, more than anything else, postponed its salvation. It is yet to become general. The time will assuredly come before the millennium, when a rich, covetous man will find the floor of the Church of God burn beneath his feet—when her voice, taking up the calls of a perishing world, will cry out against him, "Let him be anathema maranatha!" when his own conscience will stifle his very prayers and smite him with confusion in the presence of his brethren. God speed that auspicious time! The world is now nearly all open for Christian propaganda. There are pecuniary resources enough in Christendom to cover the earth with the light of the truth. We need but to call out those resources, and this can only be done by enforcing everywhere the true idea of the *relation of Christian men to their property*. The pulpit, tracts and prize essays, are discussing it; they must discuss it more and more. A change amounting to something like a *revolution* must be effected in this respect. The moral prospect of our country, as we have shown it, demonstrates the doctrine overwhelmingly. Christian business men, look forth upon that prospect, and ask what your country and your religion demand of you under such circumstances? Labor in your workshops and your marts for the common salvation. Endow schools, promote publications, send forth laborers. It is a sublime opportunity for you; it will ennoble and sanctify from their sordidness the pursuits of your secular life; you will no longer live only to live, but for moral ends which will glorify both your life and your death. For you, who, as Christian men,

"look for the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour," any other life is a solecism, which will be fearfully refuted, if not now, yet in the hour of death or the day of judgment.

We have written these remarks with emphasis, but with sober and stern arguments, "mathematical arguments," as we have called them. How could such a subject be treated otherwise than emphatically? Was there ever a matter of greater urgency presented to this Christian nation? We are reluctant to dismiss it, and yet would not impair the effect of our reasonings by their length. The subject has its dark side, but we do not despond. Through the indifference of the Church of the land a fearful night may lower over our children, but we will hope otherwise. All the indications of Providence would seem to betoken the breaking up of heathenism and Mohammedanism, and the general triumph of the truth; let us then rather hope that "the night is far spent, the day is at hand; and let us, therefore, cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armor of light."

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

FOUND IN THE NURSERY OF HOLYROOD.

ONCE upon a time three children wandered off to seek their fortunes. The way was smooth before them, the bright sun shone benignantly upon their innocent faces, and the birds cheered them with sweet songs. Thus they danced merrily on till noon, when their feet grew weary, and turning aside from the path, they lay down and slept, till the shadows of the trees grew quite long. They then rose up refreshed, for the sleep of children is sweet, and went on their way rejoicing, till they reached the termination of their path, at a sandy beach that bordered on a wide and deep lake. And now their hearts were troubled; for, afar off, they saw the sun slowly descending into the water, and darkness was unfolding her dusky curtain. They were sorrowfully wandering hither and thither, hoping to find a new path, when the sound of wheels was heard, and a splendid carriage, drawn by white horses, caparisoned in velvet and silver, rolled swiftly along the beach. When it reached the children, the liveried coachman drew in the reins; a princess looked out of the

window, and beckoned for them to come in. Harold, delighted with so much magnificence, jumped quickly into the coach, without even kissing Edric or his dear little sister Maude, who were not as bold as their brother, but were afraid of the grand princess. The carriage passed rapidly on, and had scarcely disappeared, when a youth resting on a ball that carried him as swiftly as the wind, approached them, and said, "Come! and have glory and honor! Come! and obtain homage and applause! Come! and be famous—be great!" And before the wondering Maude could imagine what the youth had meant, Edric was riding away from his sister on the swift ball.

And now Maude sat down on a rock, quite alone; it grew darker each moment, and the great waves moaned sadly; but Maude was not frightened, for her innocent heart had power to protect her from harm, as she folded her hands and sat quite still, thinking so deeply of her dear brothers, that she heard no approaching foot-fall; and when she lifted her eyes, a serene, beautiful face was turned to hers; by her side sat a man whose garments were dusty, and who appeared to have traveled from a far country. He tenderly took the little hands of Maude between his own, and said, "Dear child, will you follow me? You can neither have riches nor honor, but trials and scorn, perhaps, instead; yet you will have a friend, always true, always willing and able to bestow all you need. His arms will be around you; he will bear all your griefs, and I am he." While saying these words, his countenance became as sweet and radiant as the face of the saint on the chancel at sunset. The golden head of Maude was bent upon her breast; her gentle face was wet with tears: but with a low, quivering voice, she said, "Yea, Lord!" And then she heard her friend say, "Look up, Maude! look up!" She raised her tearful but glad eyes; and there before her stood her Friend, clothed in robes of righteousness, surrounded by shining ones, and holding a crown of greater beauty than ever her simple heart had imagined; and she heard these blessed words: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Maude followed her friend closely; she walked in his footsteps; and while some ridiculed, and others wondered that she

should choose so hard a lot, she remembered the crown that was laid up for her.

At last the angel, called Death, came for these children; and as he approached, his shadow, Sickness, came before. It went first to Harold, to whom the princess had given many coffers of gold; but he was so afraid of losing his treasure, that he kept it in a deep vault, and hardly dared look at it for fear of being discovered. Whenever a human face met his, he trembled for his gold; they might suspect, he thought, and steal his treasure. It caused him constant unhappiness; and when Sickness came to warn him of Death, his misery increased sevenfold; he could not, would not part with his beloved gold; he was not ready for Death; nevertheless Death came, and the wretched Harold was obliged to leave his treasure.

The shadow then passed over Edric; he had become very famous: but there lived one who was yet above him in glory; and this rival he only aspired to surpass; then he would be perfectly happy. From the time that the figure on the ball, who was the spirit of Fame, had beguiled him from his sister, he had been aiming at only one step higher; but, alas! he was never contented with that which had previously been to him the ideal of perfect happiness. He begged to live just long enough to look down on his superior; but Death was unyielding; and after all his struggles for glory, he had not attained the greatness to which he had aspired.

Then came Death and his shadow to Maude, not as a terrible enemy, not as an inexorable tyrant, as he had seemed to her brothers; but a white-winged messenger of good-tidings—a guide to the portal of heaven. The shadow did not darken her soul, for she thought continually of those shining ones, and of her crown jeweled with stars; and when Death came, she opened her arms and welcomed him; and he led the child away from the thorny path in which she had so meekly walked, and left her at the entrance to heaven. And there, lifting up her eyes, she saw, standing within the portal, the holy and beautiful form which once appeared to her as she sat upon the rock; his robes were not now soiled, but white as the light; he extended his arms and she fell upon his bosom. He bore her into the midst of the holy ones, and gave her as a companion to them forever.



THE SOULS DEPARTED.

HOW peaceful is the dwelling-place of those who inhabit the green hamlets and populous cities of the dead! They need no antidote for care,—no armor against fate. No morning sun shines in at the closed windows and awakens them, nor shall unto the last great day. At most, a straggling sunbeam creeps in through the crumbling wall of an old, neglected tomb—a strange visitor, that stays not long. And there they all sleep, the holy ones, with their arms crossed upon their breasts, or lying motionless by their sides,—not carved in marble by the hand of man, but formed in dust by the hand of God. God's peace be with them! No one comes to them now, to hold them by the hand, and with delicate fingers to smooth their hair. They need no more the blandishments of earthly friendship. They need us not, however much we may need them. And yet they silently await our coming. Beautiful is that season of life when we can say, in the language of Scripture, "Thou hast the dew of thy youth." But of these flowers death gathers many. We shall see them all again, blooming in a happier land.

Yes, death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us, and we shall not long delay. They have gone before us, and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon the borders of the

grave to welcome us, with the countenance of affection which they wore on earth; yet more lovely, more radiant, more spiritual! He spoke well who said that graves are the footsteps of angels! It was in an hour of blessed communion with the souls of the departed, that the sweet poet Henry Vaughan wrote those few lines which have made death lovely.—*Hyperion*.

THEY are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which the hill is dress'd,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary.
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope and high humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have show'd
them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death! the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest
may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.



"I see them walking in an air of glory."

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep!

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lock'd her up gave
room,
She'd shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective, still as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

[For the National Magazine.]

SONNETS:—JUSTICE—MERCY.

JUSTICE.

ALL hail to thee! thou friend of honest men,
Whose hand inclines not to the rich or poor;
Thy ready sword is up to strike again
The selfish slaves it often struck before;

But still thy sword, O vengeful justice! falls
Full late at times upon the plundering crew;
The orphan's cry—the widow's wail appalls
The honest heart, whose hand, though poor,
is true.

Still retributive Justice has a settling day,
When all accounts must balance to a hair;
And though the wavering scales to selfish mo-
tives sway,

Our souls are surety for the just repair:
Hard hands may wring the heart's blood from
the poor,

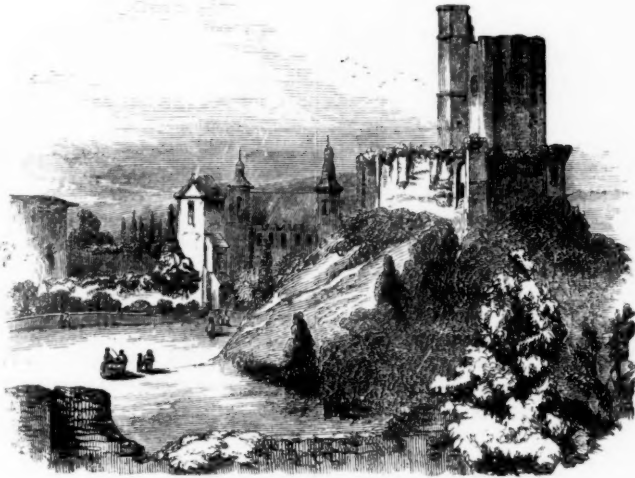
But, O! like Abel's, once, it crieth at their
door.

MERCY.

O! meek-eyed Mercy! messenger of God,
Sweet is thy presence to the trembling soul—
To thee stern Justice yields her vengeful rod,
Repentance blesses meekly thy control.
She pleads to God, weak, erring man to spare;
Her tears arrest the master's iron hand:—
Then how shall they, who turn a listless ear,
The God of mercy in their turn withstand?
For he that feels no mercy for his slave,
Shall plead in vain when death himself shall
come:—

There's no repentance past the gloomy grave,
There is no mercy in the silent tomb;
Then, O, be merciful to those that sue!
While God his mercy still extends to you.

S. H. D.



CHATEAU OF GISORS.

THE CRUSADES.

WE now come to the consideration of the third Crusade, and of the causes which rendered it necessary. The epidemic frenzy, which had been cooling ever since the issue of the first expedition, was now extinct, or very nearly so, and the nations of Europe looked with cold indifference upon the armaments of their princes. But chivalry had flourished in its natural element of war, and was now in all its glory. It continued to supply armies for the Holy Land when the popular ranks refused to deliver up their able-bodied swarms. Poetry, which, more than religion, inspired the third Crusade, was then but "*caviare* to the million," who had other matters, of sterner import, to claim all their attention. But the knights and their retainers listened with delight to the martial and amatory strains of the minstrels, minnesängers, trouvères, and troubadours, and burned to win favor in ladies' eyes by showing prowess in the Holy Land. The third was truly the romantic era of the Crusades. Men fought then, not so much for the sepulcher of Jesus, and the maintenance of a Christian kingdom in the East, as to gain glory for themselves in the best and almost only field where glory could be obtained. They fought, not as zealots, but as soldiers; not for religion, but for honor; not for the

crown of martyrdom, but for the favor of the lovely.

It is not necessary to enter into a detail of the events by which Saladin attained the sovereignty of the East; or how, after a succession of engagements, he planted the Moslem banner once more upon the battlements of Jerusalem. The Christian knights and population, including the grand orders of St. John, the Hospitallers, and the Templars, were sunk in an abyss of vice, and, torn by unworthy jealousies and dissensions, were unable to resist the well-trained armies which the wise and mighty Saladin brought forward to crush them. But the news of their fall created a painful sensation among the chivalry of Europe, whose noblest members were linked to the dwellers in Palestine by many ties, both of blood and friendship. The news of the great battle of Tiberias, in which Saladin defeated the Christian host with terrible slaughter, arrived first in Europe, and was followed in quick succession by that of the capture of Jerusalem, Antioch, Tripoli, and other cities. Dismay seized upon the clergy. The Pope, Urban III., was so affected by the news that he pined away for grief, and was scarcely seen to smile again, until he sank into the sleep of death. His successor, Gregory VIII., felt the loss as acutely, but had better

strength to bear it, and instructed all the clergy of the Christian world to stir up the people to arms for the recovery of the Holy Sepulcher. William, Archbishop of Tyre, a humble follower in the path of Peter the Hermit, left Palestine to preach to the kings of Europe the miseries he had witnessed, and to incite them to the rescue. The renowned Frederick Barbarossa, the Emperor of Germany, speedily collected an army, and passing over into Syria with less delay than had ever before awaited a crusading force, defeated the Saracens, and took possession of the city of Iconium. He was unfortunately cut off in the middle of his successful career, by imprudently bathing in the Cydnus* while he was overheated, and the Duke of Suabia took the command of the expedition. The latter



SEAL OF BARBAROSSA.

did not prove so able a general, and met with nothing but reverses, although he was enabled to maintain a footing at Antioch until assistance arrived from Europe.

Henry II. of England and Philip Augustus of France, at the head of their chivalry, supported the Crusade with all their influence, until wars and dissensions nearer home estranged them from it for a time. The two kings met at Gisors in Normandy in the month of January, 1188, accompanied by a brilliant train of knights and warriors. William of Tyre was present, and expounded the cause of the cross with considerable eloquence, and the whole assembly bound themselves by oath to proceed to Jerusalem. It was agreed

at the same time that a tax, called Saladin's tithe, and consisting of the tenth part of all possessions, whether landed or personal, should be enforced over Christendom, upon every one who was either unable or unwilling to assume the cross. The lord of every fief, whether lay or ecclesiastical, was charged to raise the tithe within his own jurisdiction; and any one who refused to pay his quota, became by that act the bondman and absolute property of his lord. At the same time the greatest indulgence was shown to those who assumed the cross; no man was at liberty to stay them by process of any kind, whether for debt, or robbery, or murder. The king of France, at the breaking up of the conference, summoned a parliament at Paris, where these resolutions were solemnly confirmed, while Henry II. did the same for his Norman possessions at Rouen, and for England at Geddington, in Northamptonshire. To use the words of an ancient chronicler, (Stowe,) "he held a parliament about the voyage into the Holy Land, and troubled the whole land with the paying of tithes toward it."

But it was not England alone that was "troubled" by the tax. The people of France also looked upon it with no pleasant feelings, and appear from that time forth to have changed their indifference for the Crusade into aversion. Even the clergy, who were exceedingly willing that other people should contribute half, or even all their goods, in furtherance of their favorite scheme, were not at all anxious to contribute a single sous themselves. Millot relates that several of them cried out against the impost. Among the rest, the clergy of Rheims were called upon to pay their quota, but sent a deputation to the king, begging him to be contented with the aid of their prayers, as they were too poor to contribute in any other shape. Philip Augustus knew better, and by way of giving them a lesson, employed three nobles of the vicinity to lay waste the Church lands. The clergy, informed of the outrage, applied to the king for redress. "I will aid you with my prayers," said the monarch condescendingly, "and will entreat those gentlemen to let the Church alone." He did as he had promised; but in such a manner that the nobles, who appreciated the joke, continued their devastations as before. Again the clergy applied to the king. "What would you have

* The desire of comparing two great men has tempted many writers to drown Frederick in the river Cydnus, in which Alexander so imprudently bathed, (Q. Cart. lib. iii, c. 4, 5;) but, from the march of the emperor, I rather judge that his Saleph is the Cacadnus, a stream of less fame, but of a longer course.—Gibbon.



HENRY II. OF ENGLAND.

of me?" he replied, in answer to their remonstrances: "you gave me your prayers in my necessity, and I have given you mine in yours." The clergy understood the argument, and thought it the wiser course to pay their quota of Saladin's tithe without further parley.

This anecdote shows the unpopularity of the Crusade. If the clergy disliked to contribute, it is no wonder that the people felt still greater antipathy. But the chivalry of Europe was eager for the affray; the tithe was rigorously collected; and armies from England, France, Burgundy, Italy, Flanders, and Germany, were soon in the field. The two kings who were to have led it were, however, drawn into broils by an aggression of Richard, Duke of Guienne, better known as Richard Cœur de Lion, upon the territory of the Count of Toulouse, and the proposed journey to Palestine was delayed. War continued to rage between France and England, and with so little probability of a speedy termination, that many of the nobles, bound to the Crusade, left the two monarchs to settle the differences at their leisure, and proceeded to Palestine without them.

Death at last stepped in and removed Henry II. from the hostility of his foes,

and the treachery and ingratitude of his children. His son Richard immediately concluded an alliance with Philip Augustus; and the two young, valiant, and impetuous monarchs, united all their energies to forward the Crusade. They met with a numerous and brilliant retinue at Nonancourt in Normandy, where, in sight of their assembled chivalry, they embraced as brothers, and swore to live as friends and true allies, until a period of forty days after their return from the Holy Land. With a view of purging their camp from the follies and vices which had proved so ruinous to preceding expeditions, they drew up a code of laws for the government of the army.

These rules, which strictly prohibited gambling, and other vices to which the Crusaders were addicted, having been promulgated, the two monarchs marched together to Lyons, where they separated, agreeing to meet again at Messina. Philip proceeded across the Alps to Genoa, where he took ship, and was conveyed to the place of rendezvous. Richard turned in the direction of Marseilles, where he also took ship for Messina. His impetuous disposition hurried him into many squabbles by the way, and his knights and followers, for the most part as brave and as



PHILIP AUGUSTUS.

foolish as himself, imitated him very zealously in this particular. At Messina the Sicilians charged the most exorbitant prices for every necessary of life. Richard's army in vain remonstrated. From words they came to blows, and, as a last resource, plundered the Sicilians, since they could not trade with them. Continual battles were the consequence, in one of which Lebrun, the favorite attendant of Richard, lost his life. The peasantry from far and near came flocking to the aid of the townspeople, and the battle soon became general. Richard, irritated at the loss of his favorite, and incited by report that Tancred, the king of Sicily, was fighting at the head of his own people, joined the *mêlée* with his boldest knights, and, beating back the Sicilians, attacked the city sword in hand, stormed the battlements, tore down the flag of Sicily, and planted his own in its stead. This collision gave great offense to the king of France, who became from that time jealous of Richard, and apprehensive that his design was not so much to reëstablish the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, as to make conquests for himself. He, however, exerted his influence to restore peace between the English and Sicilians, and shortly afterward set sail for Acre, with distrust of his ally germinating in his heart.

Richard remained behind for some weeks in a state of inactivity quite unaccountable in one of his temperament. He appears to have had no more squabbles with the Sicilians, but to have lived an easy, luxurious life, forgetting, in the lap of pleasure, the objects for which he had quitted his own dominions and the dangerous laxity he was introducing into his army. The superstition of his soldiers recalled him at length to a sense of his duty: a comet was seen for several successive nights, which was thought to menace them with the vengeance of Heaven for their delay. Shooting stars gave them similar warning; and a fanatic, of the name of Joachim, with his drawn sword in his hand, and his long hair streaming wildly over his shoulders, went through the camp, howling all night long, and predicting plague, famine, and every other calamity if they did not set out immediately. Richard did not deem it prudent to neglect the intimations; and, after doing humble penance for his remissness, he set sail for Acre.

A violent storm dispersed his fleet, but he arrived safely at Rhodes with the principal part of his armament. Here he learned that three of his ships had been stranded on the rocky coasts of Cyprus; and that the ruler of the island, Isaac Comnenus, had permitted his people to pillage the unfortunate crews, and had refused shelter to his betrothed bride, the Princess Berengaria, and his sister, who, in one of the vessels, had been driven by stress of weather into the port of Limisso. The fiery monarch swore to be revenged, and, collecting all his vessels, sailed back to Limisso. Isaac Comnenus refused to apologize or explain; and Richard, in no mood to be trifled with, landed on the island, routed with great loss the forces sent to oppose him, and laid the whole country under contribution.

On his arrival at Acre he found the whole of the chivalry of Europe there before him. Guy of Lusignan, the king of Jerusalem, had long before collected the bold Knights of the Temple, the Hospital, and St. John, and had laid siege to Acre, which was resolutely defended by the Sultan Saladin, with an army magnificent both for its numbers and its discipline. For nearly two years the Crusades had pushed the siege, and made efforts almost superhuman to dislodge the enemy. Various battles had taken place in the open fields with no decisive advantage to either party, and Guy of Lusignan had begun to despair of taking that strong position without aid from Europe. His joy was extreme on the arrival of Philip with all his chivalry, and he only awaited the coming of Cœur de Lion to make one last decisive attack upon the town. When the fleet of England was first seen approaching the shores of Syria, a universal shout arose from the Christian camp; and when Richard landed with his train, one louder still pierced to the very mountains of the south, where Saladin lay with all his army.

It may be remarked as characteristic of this Crusade, that the Christians and the Moslems no longer looked upon each other as barbarians, to whom mercy was a crime. Each host entertained the highest admiration for the bravery and magnanimity of the other, and, in their occasional truces, met upon the most friendly terms. The Moslem warriors were full of courtesy to the Christian knights, and had no other regret than to think that

such fine fellows were not Mohammedans. The Christians, with a feeling precisely similar, extolled to the skies the nobleness of the Saracens, and sighed to think that such generosity and valor should be sullied by disbelief in the gospel of Jesus. But when the strife began, all these feelings disappeared, and the struggle became mortal.

The jealousy excited in the mind of Philip by the events of Messina still rankled, and the two monarchs refused to act in concert. Instead of making a joint attack upon the town, the French monarch assailed it alone, and was repulsed. Richard did the same, and with the same result. Philip tried to seduce the soldiers of Richard from their allegiance by the offer of three gold pieces per month to every knight who would forsake the banners of England for those of France. Richard endeavored to neutralize the offer by a larger one, and promised four pieces to every French knight who should join the Lion of England. In this unworthy rivalry their time was wasted, to the great detriment of the discipline and efficiency of their followers. Some good was nevertheless effected; for the mere presence of two such armies prevented the besieged city from receiving supplies, and the inhabitants were reduced by famine to the most woeful straits. Saladin did not deem it prudent to risk a general engagement by coming to their relief, but preferred to wait till dissension had weakened his enemy, and made him an easy prey. Perhaps if he had been aware of the real extent of the extremity in Acre, he would have changed his plan; but, cut off from the town, he did not know its misery till it was too late. After a short truce the city capitulated upon terms so severe, that Saladin afterward refused to ratify them. The chief conditions were, that the precious wood of the true cross, captured by the Moslems in Jerusalem, should be restored; that a sum of two hundred thousand gold pieces should be paid; and that all the Christian prisoners in Acre should be released, together with two hundred knights and a thousand soldiers detained in captivity by Saladin. The eastern monarch, as may be well conceived, did not set much store on the wood of the cross, but was nevertheless anxious to keep it, as he knew its possession by the Christians would do more than a victory

to restore their courage. He refused, therefore, to deliver it up, or to accede to any of the conditions; and Richard, as he had previously threatened, barbarously ordered all the Saracen prisoners in his power to be put to death.

The possession of the city only caused new and unhappy dissensions between the Christian leaders. The Archduke of Austria unjustifiably hoisted his flag on one of the towers of Acre, which Richard no sooner saw than he tore it down with his own hands, and trampled it under his feet. Philip, though he did not sympathize with the archduke, was piqued at the assumption of Richard, and the breach between the two monarchs became wider than ever. A foolish dispute arose at the same time between Guy of Lusignan and Conrad of Montferrat for the crown of Jerusalem; the inferior knights were not slow to imitate the pernicious example; and jealousy, distrust, and ill-will reigned in the Christian camp. In the midst of this confusion the king of France suddenly announced his intention to return to his own country. Richard was filled with indignation, and exclaimed, "Eternal shame light on him, and on all France, if, for any cause, he leaves this work unfinished!" But Philip was not to be stayed. His health had suffered by his residence in the East; and, ambitious of playing a first part, he preferred to play none at all than to play second to King Richard. Leaving a small detachment of Burgundians behind, he returned to France with the remainder of his army; and Cœur de Lion, without feeling, in the multitude of his rivals, that he had lost the greatest, became painfully convinced that the right arm of the enterprise was lopped off.

After his departure, Richard re-fortified Acre, restored the Christian worship in the churches, and, leaving a Christian garrison to protect it, marched along the seacoast toward Ascalon. Saladin was on the alert, and sent his light horse to attack the rear of the Christian army, while he himself, miscalculating their weakness since the defection of Philip, endeavored to force them to a general engagement. The rival armies met near Azotus. A fierce battle ensued, in which Saladin was defeated and put to flight, and the road to Jerusalem left free for the Crusaders.

Again discord exerted its baleful influence, and prevented Richard from follow-



RICHARD I. AND BERENGARIA.

ing up his victory. His opinion was constantly opposed by the other leaders, all jealous of his bravery and influence; and the army, instead of marching to Jerusalem, or even to Ascalon, as was first intended, proceeded to Jaffa, and remained in idleness until Saladin was again in a condition to wage war against them.

Many months were spent in fruitless hostilities and as fruitless negotiations. Richard's wish was to recapture Jerusalem; but there were difficulties in the way, which even his bold spirit could not conquer. His own intolerable pride was not the least cause of the evil; for it estranged many a generous spirit, who would have been willing to coöperate with him in all cordiality. At length it was agreed to march to the Holy City; but the progress made was so slow and painful, that the soldiers murmured, and the leaders meditated retreat. The weather was hot

and dry, and there was little water to be procured. Saladin had choked up the wells and cisterns on the route, and the army had not zeal enough to push forward amid such privation. At Bethlehem a council was held, to debate whether they should retreat or advance. Retreat was decided upon, and immediately commenced. It is said, that Richard was first led to a hill, whence he could obtain a sight of the towers of Jerusalem; and that he was so affected at being so near it, and so unable to relieve it, that he hid his face behind his shield, and sobbed aloud.

The army separated into two divisions, the smaller falling back upon Jaffa, and the larger, commanded by Richard and the Duke of Burgundy, returning to Acre. Before the English monarch had made all his preparations for his return to Europe, a messenger reached Acre with the intelligence that Jaffa was besieged by Saladin,

and that, unless relieved immediately, the city would be taken. The French, under the Duke of Burgundy, were so wearied with the war, that they refused to aid their brethren in Jaffa. Richard, blushing with shame at their pusillanimity, called his English to the rescue, and arrived just in time to save the city. His very name put the Saracens to flight, so great was their dread of his prowess. Saladin regarded him with the warmest admiration; and when Richard, after his victory, demanded peace, willingly acceded. A truce was concluded for three years and eight months, during which Christian pilgrims were to enjoy the liberty of visiting Jerusalem without hinderance or payment of any tax. The Crusaders were allowed to retain the cities of Tyre and Jaffa, with the country intervening. Saladin, with a princely generosity, invited many of the Christians to visit Jerusalem; and several of the leaders took advantage of his offer to feast their eyes upon a spot which all considered so sacred. Many of them were entertained for days in the sultan's own palace, from which they returned with their tongues laden with the praises of the noble infidel.

Richard and Saladin never met, though the impression that they did will remain on many minds, who have been dazzled by the glorious fiction of Sir Walter Scott. But each admired the prowess and nobleness of soul of his rival, and agreed to terms far less onerous than either would have accepted, had this mutual admiration not existed.*

The king of England no longer delayed his departure, for messengers from his own country brought imperative news that his presence was required to defeat the intrigues that were fomenting against his crown. His long imprisonment in the Austrian dominions and final ransom are too well known to be dwelt upon. And thus ended the third Crusade, less destructive of human life than the first two, but quite as useless.

* Richard left a high reputation in Palestine. So much terror did his name occasion, that the women of Syria used it to frighten their children for ages afterward. Every disobedient child became still when told that King Richard was coming. Even men shared the panic that his name created; and a hundred years afterward, whenever a horse shied at any object in the way, his rider would exclaim, "What! dost thou think King Richard is in the bush?"

THE OLD COCKADE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

IN the year 1831 I was spending an evening at the house of a general, who had been one of Napoleon's bravest officers. There were some other guests, and we were chatting sociably around the fire, when M. Louis Jacquet was announced, and we saw an extremely handsome young officer of marines enter. He seemed to be about twenty-two years old; his countenance was frank and open, his bearing singularly graceful, and his ensign's uniform—evidently quite new—was put on with much care and neatness. One portion of his costume, however, contrasted oddly enough with the rest. In the black, glossy cap, which he carried in his hand, was fastened an old, soiled, faded cockade. Involuntarily many eyes glanced curiously at this incongruous decoration; and our host, in a whisper, drew his wife's attention to this circumstance; to which she replied by a gentle smile. M. Jacquet blushed deeply, yet not with an air of shame or confusion, but rather with one of genuine modesty. And the general, taking his hand, said:—

"You are a brave lad, Louis."

The general's wife then took his hand; and the young officer kissed hers, with respectful tenderness.

This little scene interested us all, yet no one ventured to ask its explanation; when an old officer, who had been rather silent hitherto, suddenly rose, and said to our host:—

"So this is your Jacquet, general; and this is the real cockade!"

And taking the cap from its owner's hands, he looked at its battered ornament with strange fondness, while a tear rolled down on his gray moustache. Every one present then crowded round to examine the mysterious cockade, and asked the general to tell its history.

As he hesitated, the old officer said:—

"T is a story which I am sure will interest you; and, with the permission of our host and his young friend, I will tell it."

No objection being made, he began thus:—

"After the memorable interview between Napoleon and Alexander, the former of these two emperors wishing to show to the other the troops which had

conquered him, a grand review took place. As Napoleon was inspecting, with a pleased eye, the ranks of his imperial guard, he paused before a remarkably powerful-looking grenadier, whose face was seared from the forehead to the chin by a deep scar. Pointing him out to the emperor Alexander, Napoleon said :—

“What do you think of the soldiers who can resist such wounds?”

“What do *you* think of the soldiers who can give them?” said Alexander, readily.

“They are dead,” said the grenadier; thus mingling in the conversation of the two most powerful monarchs in the world.

“Alexander then turning toward his mighty rival, said, courteously :—

“Sire, you are everywhere a conqueror.”

“Because the guard has done its duty,” replied Napoleon, with a friendly gesture toward the grenadier.

“A few days afterward, as the emperor of France was passing through the camp, he saw the grenadier, seated on a stone, with his legs crossed, and dancing a chubby boy of two years old on his foot. Napoleon paused before him; and the old soldier, without rising, said :—

“Pardon, sire; but if I stood up, Jacques would scream like one of the king of Prussia’s fifiers; and that would annoy your majesty.”

“Tis well!” said Napoleon. “Your name is Jacques?”

“Yes, my emperor, Jacques. That’s the reason they call this little fellow Jacques.”

“He is your son?”

“No, my emperor; his father was an old comrade of mine, who had his leg shot off, two months ago, and died on the field. His mother, who followed the camp, was killed by a saber-cut while she was giving her husband a drink. She had this baby tied on her back; and we found him, some hours after her death, roaring like a young bull, with his stomach as empty as the king of Spain’s coffers.”

“Then you have adopted the child?”

“I and my comrades. But as I was the first to find him, they have given him especially to me.”

“Napoleon looked for a moment at the grenadier, who continued to give Jacques a lesson in riding, and then said :—

“I owe you something, Jacques.”

“Me, my emperor? You have already given me a cross for this scar.”

“I owe you some return for what you said to the emperor Alexander.”

“Did I say anything uncivil to that emperor? Has he complained of me?”

“No, certainly; for I am going to reward you. Come! What do you wish for?”

“*Ma foi,*” replied Jacques, “I don’t wish for anything; but, my emperor, if you would just give some token to this little chap, it would bring him good luck.”

“Willingly,” was the reply. And Jacques, rising, took the child on his arm, and approached Napoleon, who was searching his pockets for some *souvenir*. He found some gold pieces, which he quickly put back; for it was not with money that he purchased his soldiers’ hearts. He sought again, and found nothing but papers. At length, in the pocket of his vest, he found his snuff-box, and offered it to the grenadier. Jacques began to laugh, and said :—

“What nonsense! Give a snuff-box to a child that can’t even smoke!”

“At that moment the emperor felt something pull his hat; and he saw that the child, raised on the soldier’s arm, had got his tiny hand into the loop, and was playing with the cockade.

“Hold, sir,” said the grenadier. “The little fellow is like your majesty—he takes whatever he chooses himself!”

“Well,” replied the emperor, “let him keep it!” And detaching the cockade with his own hand, he gave it to the child, to whom Jacques said, as he danced him in his arms :—

“Come, show his majesty that you know how to talk!”

And the baby, laughing and clapping his hands, stammered softly the words :—

“*Ong ive de Empeau!*”

From that day, Jacques followed his illustrious master through all his checkered fortunes, and accompanied him to the island of Elba. Jacques was also in every campaign, sometimes strolling with the grenadiers, sometimes carried on a baggage-wagon, sometimes riding on his protector’s back. He had a miniature sword and uniform, and quickly learned to play on the fife; while Jacques, who loved and honored Napoleon above every human being, had taught Jacques to do the same. The grenadier was at first greatly

puzzled as to how the child ought to wear the cockade; till at length he bethought him of inclosing it in a little case, which he hung around his *protégé's* neck, at the same time saying to him:—

“Mind, Jacquet, night and morning, when you say your prayers, always take out this relic and pray for a blessing on our emperor, who gave it you.”

“This the child never failed to do; constantly associating in his prayers the name of Napoleon with that of papa Jacques.”

“Years passed on: Napoleon was banished to St. Helena, the army was disbanded, and poor Jacques found himself thrown on the world in his old age, without any possessions but his cross and his little Jacquet. Louis—for by that name the boy had been baptized—has often told me how it pained his childish heart to see his brave father, who, a few months before, thought nothing of making a forced march of fifteen leagues while fully accoutered, now bending under the weight of a small packet of clothes, and dropping from fatigue after walking a few miles. Every day he became weaker. They generally passed their nights in stables; and Louis used to collect scattered handfuls of straw to cover the shivering limbs of the old grenadier. They lived principally on scraps of food given them by charitable innkeepers and peasants. One day the poor old man felt unable to rise from off the floor of a deserted hut where he had passed the night, and murmured as it were it spite of himself:—

“Jacquet, I am dying; get me a little medicine.”

“The child burst into a loud fit of crying, and then went out on the road to ask for alms; but he got nothing, and felt ready to despair, when suddenly a thought struck him; he fell on his knees, took out the case that contained his cockade, and sobbed aloud:—

“My God!—my God!—in thy great mercy send me some medicine for papa Jacques.”

“He continued to repeat these words as well as his tears would permit, until a gentleman who was passing by, stopped, and began to question him. The child, in an artless manner, told his history; and finished by saying:—

“Papa Jacques desired me never to part with this cockade. He said that it would always bring me good luck, and I

would rather cut off my arm than lose it; still you may have it, if you will only give me a few sous to buy medicine for him!”

“Much moved by what he had heard, the stranger answered:—

“My child, God, to whom you prayed so fervently, has left in France some old soldiers ready to share his gifts with their comrades. Take me to your father.”

“And this man?”

“This benevolent man,” interrupted the young officer, “this kind, good officer took me in his arms; me—a poor little mendicant! He caused Jacques to be carried to his house, restored him to life, and never allowed him to want for anything until his death, which did not take place for many years. As to me, he treated me like a son; and still each day loads me with his benefits!”

“And turning to the general and his wife, the young man embraced them both, while his eyes were filled with tears.”

“You have not finished the story, Louis,” said the general. “You did not say that I promised to restore to you the emperor’s cockade whenever you returned with an epaulette, gained as we old soldiers gained ours. And to-day, my friends, you see the cockade in his cap; for Louis was at the taking of Algiers, and his captain, who had taken him out merely as a recruit, has sent him home to me an ensign!”

So saying, the general once more embraced his adopted son. We were all affected, and I saw another tear stealing down on the old officer’s gray moustache.

It is one thing for a man to have an interest in Christ, and another thing to have his interest cleared up to him. I do speak it with grief of heart, that even among such Christians that I hope to meet in heaven, there is scarce one in forty, nay, one of a hundred, that is groundedly able to make out his interest in the Lord Jesus. Most Christians live between fear and hope—between doubting and believing. One day they hope that all is well, and that all shall be well forever; the next day they are ready to say, that they shall one day perish by the hand of such a corruption, or else by the hand of such a temptation. And thus they are up and down, saved and lost, many times a day.

—Brooks.

GUILTY MEMORIES.

“**R**EPENTANCE can do nothing to obliterate the past. It can only prevent such future misery as would have arisen from perseverance in sin. The memory of what has been must always remain. And the injury which sin has once inflicted upon the spiritual nature must always continue.” We have often met with such reasoning as this; and we think it depreciates vastly both the efficacy of repentance and the divine grace. What a prospect of the future does it open to us! Heaven, according to these conceptions, is only a kind of hospital for the sick. The lame, the halt, and the blind are there gathered together from the scene of earthly misery, and the moral nature must wear its wounds and scars forever. The song of redeeming love is to blend with regrets, and sighs, and reminiscences of guilt and sin.

Now we are unable to see what these words, pardon and forgiveness, mean, unless they have some reference to what has been; unless they imply the complete removal of our sins from us. Unless repentance, and the divine grace consequent thereon, have this retro-active efficacy, then we must expunge that word forgiveness from the Christian vocabulary, and with it the consoling idea which it represents.

But what are the declarations of the rapt prophet of the new dispensation, while visions of immortality are rushing upon his sight? “What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? . . . These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore they are before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” Paul, though he reasons not from actual vision, puts forth in his own logical form the same doctrine of redemption; for he speaks of the old man, with all its sinful lusts and principles, as being *crucified, dead and buried*, that is, thrown off and

left behind in the past, and so henceforth having nothing to do with our future being.

And what is remission of sin? Not, as we are too apt to imagine, the suspension of deserved punishment, but the expulsion of sin itself from its seat in the soul. This is implied in the very term remission. It does not mean that crime shall not be punished, but that the principle of sin in the heart which prompted the crime is plucked out and removed forever. “Repent and be baptized, that your sins may be blotted out.” When, and by what means? “When the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.” That is, when the Holy Spirit shall so flood the soul as to expel its sins, and in place thereof to fill it with divine affections.

“But if we preserve our identity, shall we not remember what we have formerly been? and so will not the memory of our sins still come back to afflict and trouble us?” We shall remember so much of the past as we love to remember—so much, that is, as hath a living connection with the present. This, now and evermore, is a law of our spiritual being. “*We remember what we love.*” That will come back upon us again and again. What we cease to love recurs less and less. That mind which has indeed been redeemed, from which all unclean desires have been expunged, hath no longer any living connection with the sins which they produced. It will take no pleasure in living them over in recollection. The living will not be chained to the carcass of the dead. The good man lives over in the past just so much as is congenial with what he now is. But he is not yet perfectly redeemed, and so his past sins afflict him. When he shall be perfectly redeemed, the sinful past will be “dead,” and the absorbing pleasures and glories of the present hour will have no relation to the past but such as is peaceful and happy. We shall *not* preserve our identity in the absolute sense, for the old selfish nature will cease to be any part of our identity. That is dead and buried, while we are only “alive unto God through Christ Jesus our Lord.”—*Christian Register.*

THE end of a thing is better than the beginning. The safest way is to reserve our joy till we have good proof of the worthiness and fitness of the object.—*Bishop Hall.*

The National Magazine.

JULY, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

WITH the present number we begin another volume. We renew our semi-annual bow to our readers, and hope to be able to salute each and all of them, and many more, at the end of the ensuing six months. Our publication has an important aim; it is endeavoring to accomplish it on the cheapest possible terms—cheaper, it is thought, than those of any other periodical of its size and execution in the land. Let every friend to cheap and wholesome literature then give us his hand. We ask, further, that every such friend would give us his personal aid by recommending the work to his neighbors and associates: show it, speak of its terms, and you can hardly fail of effectually promoting it. Among the attractions of the next volume will be:—

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Reader, if you are the friend of cheap and wholesome literature for "the people," we ask, and we trust not in vain, for your hearty patronage. No periodical of the land has received more emphatic indorsement from the press, or has warmer friends; and though the field has been prepossessed by gigantic competitors, commanding all the public appliances of the market, yet are we gradually finding a hearty reception into almost every section of the country, and our progress is none the less healthful, perhaps, for being steady and gradual. We shall labor to deserve increasing patronage by continual improvements. We tip our editorial hat to you then, good reader, and pass along to our work, confident of your good fellowship and good wishes.

The article on St. Petersburg, in our present number, is from a skillful hand—a Frenchman who writes from personal observation. The illustrations have been reproduced expressly for our pages, from good French engravings. We have an abundance of them prepared for the

future numbers of the series, and we doubt not that good judges of the art will admit them to be among the very best specimens of wood engraving yet seen in this country. A few of them may be familiar to the eye of the reader from other sources; these will, however, be but few among the many.

LAST DAYS OF JAY.—We give a sketch of the life of "Jay of Bath" in our present number. The writer alludes, in the conclusion of the article, to John Angel James's last interview with the venerable preacher. We observe in an English periodical a fuller account of that interview. Mr. James says:—

"We would not say there was nothing in his life that became him like its ending; but, rather, that his end became the holy, dignified, humble course he had always pursued. There was the same deep and unaffected humility; the same gleams of playful fancy, mingling with his deep seriousness, and which looked like gentle flashes of summer's lightning issuing from the clouds of sickness and disease that lingered on his horizon; the same affection beaming out on all around him; the same settled hope, and unartificial, untalkative, solid peace. The portions of God's word that he dwelt most upon, were such as these:—'O Lord, I have waited for thy salvation; let me not be ashamed of my hope.' 'Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.' 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.' On Christmas-day he plaintively said to a friend, 'This is a sorrowful Christmas-day; but I can say, 'Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.' I will venture to allude to the last interview I was permitted to hold with him, which was a month before his decease. I was thus privileged, above most, in being allowed to see him just when his feet were touching the brink of the dark cold flood, and his eye was upon the stream; and I can assure you there was no shuddering to cross, nor casting back a longing, lingering look on earth. Having recovered from a burst of emotion on my entering the room, he conversed, as far as suffering would permit, with solemn cheerfulness and deep humility. The great truths which he had so many years preached in life were now the foundation of his hope, and the support of his soul in death. On my referring to that expression in the ninety-first Psalm, as applicable to his own case, 'With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation,'—'Ah!' replied he, 'Beza said on his death-bed, 'I have known the fulfilment of every part of the Psalm but the last verse, and I shall know that in an hour.' My experience,' he said, 'is contained in those words of David: 'O God of my salvation, in thee do I trust; let me not be ashamed of my hope.' We then gathered around the domestic altar, in the sacrifice of which he joined with deep solemnity and emotion; and we parted till we shall meet in that world where death and the curse are known no more. Much could be told of the unruffled serenity, the uncomplaining resignation, and exemplary patience, with which he bore the weight of his long and grievous affliction. 'I mourn,' he exclaimed, 'but I do not murmur. O Lord, consider my affliction, and forgive all my sins.' There was a simple grandeur in his death that harmonized with the humility and dignity of his life."

The New Quarterly Review, which by the way is one of the smartest critical slicers now in England, has broken in upon the secrets of the London book trade most ruthlessly, and brought some of the cockney publishers "about its ears," like the buzzing stingers of an overturned bee-hive. It discusses the maltreatment of authors by the publishers, and does so with manful spirit and an evident acquaintance with the details of the subject. Of the fulsome *ad-captandum* strategy of modern literary advertis-

ing it gives the following good—we were about to say *caricature*—but that would not be correct—it is a specimen:—

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The author was thrice wounded while sketching the battles depicted in these volumes.—*The Pic.*

We congratulate the public upon the energy displayed by our traveler and their publishers. Three weeks only have elapsed since the battle of the Pruth was fought, and we have before us a history of that battle which may vie with Napier's descriptions of the battles of the Peninsula; and which is adorned with pictorial representations that are at least equal to the battle-scenes of Lorenzo Comendich.—*The Voice of Minerva.*

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The critic lashes the London publishers for their superciliousness, and sets off against it the good sense and practical tact of Brother Jonathan:—

"We have many complaints of this nature before us, but we prefer to instance what we mean by an anecdote told us by Mr. F——, the enterprising American publisher. The sharp, active, ubiquitous American rushed into our sanctum not long since to give us some information we had asked of him touching new American books. He was in a fit of most indignant disgust at English dilatoriness, English apathy, and especially at English *gentility*. 'You English,' said he, 'are above your business. I have been this morning to ——s, and have been kept waiting half an hour, although my business was to buy his books. I went thence to ——s, where they kept me waiting not quite so long; but when one of the partners did come to me, after I had told him my business, he turned round to a shopman, with half a lip and a drawl, and said, "Mr. So-and-so, do we publish the book Mr. F—— wants?" Your old country, sir, is getting gouty, and you are all so genteel that everybody thinks he must cut himself out to the pattern of the shadow of some lord. I should like to see the Boston bookseller who would have to ask his shopman what books he published.' We cannot record the exact language of our energetic friend's indignation, but we know we laughed heartily, and asked whether we were at liberty to repeat the anecdote. 'Repeat it! I wish you would. Repeat it to the almighty universe,' he answered, and vanished."

BRYANT AND GILFILLAN.—The *London Athenæum* notices a new edition of our countryman Bryant's Complete Works, issued in London and edited by Gilfillan. It says, "Here is an edition of one of the soundest and soberest of the American poets, under the guardianship of the loudest and most extravagant of British 'editors,'—the gentleman of whom it has been said, that 'he thinks himself a great painter because he paints with a big brush.' The Rev. 'Gorgeous' Gilfillan gives us a taste of his usual quality in an introductory essay; but he fails to throw any particular light on the subject in hand." Poor Gilfillan, like his cotemporary, "Satan" Montgomery, finds no mercy among the English critics.

Jeremy Taylor said:—Hasty conclusions are the mark of a fool: a wise man doubteth—a fool rageth, and is confident: the novice saith, I am sure that it is so; the better learned answers, Peradventure it may be so, but I prithee inquire. Some men are drunk with fancy, and mad with opinion. It is a little learning, and but a little, which makes men conclude hastily. Experience and humility teach modesty and fear.

PIGTAILS AND POWDER.—The Romans began to cut their hair about A. U. C. 454, (300 years before Christ,) when Ticinius Maenas introduced barbers from Sicily. Then they cut, curled, and perfumed it. At night they covered the hair with a bladder, as is done now with a net or cap. Eminent hair-dressers were as much resorted to by ladies as in the present day. A writer in the English *Quarterly Review*, discussing the caprices of fashion respecting the hair, gives us the history of the pigtail. The natural hair, powdered and gathered in a cue, at first long, then short, and tied with ribbon, became the mode—to rout which it required a revolution; in 1793 it fell—together with the monarchy of France. In the English world of fashion, the system stood out somewhat later; but the Gallomanian Whigs were early deserters; and Pitt's tax on hair-powder, in 1795, gave a grand advantage to the innovating party. Pigtails continued, however, to be worn by the army, and those of a considerable length, until

1804, when they were, by order, reduced to seven inches; and at last, in 1808, another order commanded them to be cut off altogether. There had, however, been a keen qualm in the "parting spirit" of protection. The very next day brought a counter-order; but to the great joy of the rank-and-file at least, it was too late—already the pig-tails were all gone. The trouble given to the military by the old mode of powdering the hair, and dressing the tail, was immense, and it often led to the most ludicrous scenes. The author of the "Costume of the British Soldier," relates that on one occasion, a field-day being ordered, and there not being sufficient barbers in the garrison to attend all the officers in the morning, the juniors must needs have their heads dressed over-night; and to preserve their artistic arrangement, pomatumed, powdered, curled, and clubbed, these poor wretches were forced to *sleep*, as well as they could, *on their jacks*! Who shall presume to laugh, after this, at the Feejee dandy, who sleeps with a wooden pillow under his neck, to preserve the perfect symmetry of his elaborately frizzed head. Such was the rigidity with which certain modes were enforced in the British army about this period, that there was kept in the adjutant's office of each regiment a pattern of the correct curls, to which the barber could refer. Even at the present day, certain naval and military orders are extant, regulating the trim of the hair, whiskers, &c., and defining what regiments may and may not wear the mustache.

THE POET MONTGOMERY (the poet, not the pseudo one) has gone to his final rest since our last issue. Venerable with years, saintly with virtues, a man of genuine genius, his death would be an occasion of mourning to all good men, were it not that even death itself is beautiful in its season; and a well-spent life should have its befitting conclusion. The *London Times* gives an outline of his long and upright career, from which we learn that he was born in 1771, at Irvine in Ayrshire. His father was a Moravian missionary, who, leaving his son in Yorkshire to be educated, went to the West Indies, where he and the poet's mother both died. When only twelve years old, the bent of the boy's mind was shown by the production of various small poems. These indications could not save him at first from the fate of the poor, and he was sent to earn his bread as assistant in a general shop. He thirsted for other occupations, and one day set off with 3s. 6d. in his pocket to walk to London, to seek fame and fortune. In his first effort he broke down, and for a while gave up his plan to take service in another situation. Only for a time, however, was he content, and a second effort to reach the metropolis was successful, so far as bringing him to the spot he had longed for, but unsuccessful to his main hope—that of finding a publisher for a volume of his verses. But the bookseller who refused Montgomery's poems accepted his labor, and made him his shopman. Fortune, however, as she generally does, smiled at last on the zealous youth, and in 1792 he gained a post in the establishment of Mr. Gales, a bookseller of Sheffield, who had set up a newspaper called *The Sheffield Register*. On this paper Montgomery worked *con amore*, and when

his master had to fly from England to avoid imprisonment for printing articles too liberal for the then despotic government of England, the young poet became the editor and publisher of the paper, the name of which he changed to *Sheffield Iris*. In the columns of this print he advocated political and religious freedom, and such conduct secured for him the attentions of the Attorney-General, by whom he was prosecuted, fined, and imprisoned; in the first instance for reprinting a song commemorating "The Fall of the Bastille;" in the second case for an account he gave of a riot in Sheffield. Confinement could not crush his love of political justice; and on his second release he went on advocating the doctrines of freedom as before in his paper and in his books. In the lengthy periods between those times and the present, the beliefs which James Montgomery early pioneered in England have obtained general recognition, and, as men became more and more liberal, the poet gained more and more esteem. He contributed to magazines, and, despite adverse criticism, in the *Edinburgh Review*, established his right to rank as a poet. In 1797 he published "Prison Amusements;" in 1803, the "Ocean;" in 1806, the "Wanderer in Switzerland;" in 1809, "The West Indies;" and in 1812, "The World before the Flood." By these works he obtained the chief reputation he has since enjoyed. In 1819 appeared "Greenland," a poem in five cantos; and in 1828, "The Pelican Island and other Poems." In 1851 the whole of his works were issued in one volume, octavo, and of which two editions are in circulation; and in 1853, "Original Hymns, for Public, Private, and Social Devotion." This venerable poet enjoyed a well-deserved literary pension of about \$750 a year. Like some others among the most genuine minds of English literature, his works have met with a better appreciation in this country than at home. He was engaged on a volume of his *Miscellanies* when he died. Carlton and Phillips, of this city, propose to issue, as we understand, a splendidly illustrated edition of his poems.

We have discussed at some length the subject of "Pulpit Oratory." The following brief, but very significant letter from Garrick to a theological student who had requested his advice on the subject, has "turned up" in the newspapers. It is a whole volume on oratory compressed into a paragraph:—

MY DEAR SIR,—You know how you would feel and speak in the parlor to a dear friend who was in imminent danger of his life; and with what energetic pathos of diction and countenance you would enforce the obscurity of that which you really thought would be for his preservation. You would be yourself; and the interesting nature of your subject, impressing your heart, would furnish you with the most natural tone of voice, the most proper language, the most engaging features, and the most suitable and graceful gestures. What you would be in the parlor, be in the pulpit, and you will not fail to please, to affect, to profit. Adieu. D. G.

Punch says:—We would advise every father of a family, who has a daughter afflicted with a *penchant* for wearing one of the present absurdities, called, by courtesy, a bonnet, to forbear arguing the subject, but simply intimate that she had better not try it on.

CURIOSITIES OF BLINDNESS.—We have been exceedingly entertained by a long article in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*, on "The Blind, their Works and Ways;" an article which we would lay before our readers in *extenso* did our limits admit it. We cannot resist the temptation to condense some of its facts. Appalling as the privation of sight may be, it is not without some remarkable compensations. Other faculties, both of intellect and of sense, often seem to gain by it; and Dufau, a French writer, affirms that the blind seldom become imbecile and still less frequently insane. Profound thinkers practically admit that vision interferes somewhat with deep cogitation. Malebranche, when he wished to think intensely, used to close his window-shutters in the daytime, excluding every ray of light; and, for a like reason, Democritus is said to have put out his eyes in order that he might philosophize the better; which latter story, however, it should be observed, though told by several ancient writers, is doubted by Cicero, (*De Fin.* v. 39,) and discredited by Plutarch, (*De Curiosit.* c. 12.) Speaking on this point, M. Dufau (the manager of the famous French schools) says:—"When we wish to increase our power of attention, we shut our eyes, thus assuming artificial blindness. Diderot used often to talk with his eyes closed, and at such times became sublimely eloquent. There is now living in the County of York, England, a gentleman of fortune, who, though totally blind, is an expert archer; "so expert," says our informant, who knows him well, "that out of twenty shots with the long bow he was far my superior. *His sense of hearing was so keen, that when a boy behind the target rang a bell, the blind archer knew precisely how to aim the shaft.*"

The tenacity of the memory of the blind is well known. This characteristic faculty is, according to Father Charlevoix, turned to good account in Japan, where the public records of the empire are committed to memory by chosen blind men. An old blind mat-maker in England can repeat Thomson's "Seasons," and one or two other long poems, besides having an almost equally ready knowledge of several of the Gospels. Very recently a son was added to a friend's family, and news of the birth was brought to the blind man, who instantly set about calculating how often the child's birthday would fall on a Monday up to the year 1900. In a short time he had accurately settled the matter. He is now, though upward of sixty, trying to learn to read. But his fingers have become hard and horny with work.

Men of genius have sometimes triumphantly thrown off some of the worst disabilities of blindness. Genius ever devises ways and means of its own. It has a thousand little contrivances unknown to the ordinary student, who is content enough to travel along the beaten road which others have fashioned for him. Saunderson, the blind mathematician's whole machinery for computing was a small piece of deal, divided by lines into a certain number of squares, and pierced at certain angles with holes large enough to admit a metal pin. With this simple board and a box of pins he made all his calculations; yet, in 1711, he was the friend of Sir Isaac Newton, and by his in-

terest was elected Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. It is most probable that he never beheld the distant orbs of heaven, yet with the highest skill he reasoned of the laws which control them; unfolding and explaining the nature and beauty of light which he could not behold, and the glory of that bow in the clouds which he had never seen. Thus also was it with Huber, the blind philosopher of Geneva. His discoveries in the honeyed labors of bees have equalled, if not surpassed, those of any other one student of nature. It remained for Huber, not only to corroborate truths which others had partially discovered, but also to detect and describe minute particulars which had escaped even the acute observation of Swammerdam. It is true that others supplied him with eyes, but he furnished them with thought and intellect; *he saw with their eyes*. Thus he clearly proved that there are two distinct sets of bees in every hive—honey-gatherers and the wax-makers and nurses; that the larvæ of working-bees can by course of diet be changed to queens; thus also he accurately described the sanguinary conflicts of rival queens; the recognition of old companions or of royalty by the use of the antennæ; thus he explained the busy hum and unceasing vibration of wing ever going on in the hive, as being necessary for due ventilation. One of the last incidents in the old man's life that seemed to rouse and interest him, was the arrival of a present of *stingless* bees, from their discoverer, Captain B. Hall. Unwearied diligence, and love for his work, no doubt greatly aided him in all these discoveries; but genius effected for him what mere assiduity would never have accomplished. She taught him in a few minutes to swim the river of difficulty, while others spent hours in searching for a ford. It is the union of diligence and genius which has made so many a blind man famous among his brethren with eyes; not only the way to conceive, but the hand to carry out and achieve, in its own way, the plan of wisdom and of beauty. Thus Metcalf, the blind guide and engineer, constructed roads through the wilds of Derbyshire; thus Davidson ventilated the deepest coal-mines, and lectured on the structure of the eye; as did Dr. Moyes on chemistry and optics; thus Blacklock, poet and musician, master of four languages beside his own, wrote both prose and poetry with elegance and ease; thus, nearer to our own time, Holman the traveler, to whose labors we have already referred, has made himself a name far beyond the shores of Great Britain. We know not what Saundersons or Hubers the present generation is to see. One name equally great in another path of fame it already has: Prescott, the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, Mexico and Peru, &c., who, though not blind, has a defect of the eyes which prevents him from reading and writing, but whose literary labors have nevertheless delighted and instructed thousands both in the Old and New World.

Coleridge remarks that "a diseased state of an organ of sense will perpetually tamper with the understanding, and perhaps at last overthrow it. But when one organ is obliterated, the mind applies some other to a double use. Some ten years back, at Sowerby, I met a man perfectly blind—from infancy. His chief amuse-

ment was *fishing on the wild uneven banks of the Eden*, and up the difficult mountain streams. His friend, also stone-blind, knew every gate and stile of the district. John Gough, of Kendal, *blind*, is not only a mathematician, but an infallible botanist and zoologist; *correcting mistakes of keen sportsmen as to birds and vermin*. His face is all one eye." The eyes of Moyes, although he was totally blind, were not insensible to intense light. Colors were not distinguished by him, but felt. Red was disagreeable; he said it was like "the grating of a saw;" while green was very pleasant, and compared to "a smooth surface," when touched. In some instances blindness seems to have gifted the sufferer with new powers. A Dr. Guyse, we read, lost his eyesight in the pulpit while he was at prayer before the sermon; but nevertheless managed to preach as usual. An old lady of the congregation hearing him deplore his loss, thus strove to comfort him:—"God be praised," said she, "that your sight is gone. I never heard your reverence preach so powerful a sermon in my life. *I wish for my own part that the Lord had taken away your sight twenty years ago; for your ministry would have been more useful by twenty degrees.*" The old lady's judicial wish was rather a severe one; but of the correctness of her conclusion we are inclined to doubt. The detection of color by the touch of the blind is a mooted point. M. Guille mentions several anecdotes of blind persons who had the power of discriminating colors by the touch. But, if the testimony of a large body of blind children can be relied on, the detection of color is utterly beyond their reach. Saunderson's power of detecting by his *finger or tongue* a counterfeit coin, which had deceived the eye of a connoisseur, is a totally different question. We are hardly aware how much of our dexterity in the use of the eye arises from incessant practice. Those who have been relieved of blindness at an advanced or even an early period of life, have been often found to recur to the old and more familiar sense of touch, in preference to sight; especially during the first few months after recovering their sight. Coleridge (in his *Omniana*) mentions a most remarkable instance of a blind man at Hanover, who possessed so keen a touch as to be able to read with his fingers books of *ordinary print*, if printed, as most German books are, on coarse paper.

Among the signs of "progress" which distinguish our day, none are more grateful to a beneficent mind than provisions for the relief of the blind, the dumb, the insane, and the idiotic. Our own country is now taking the lead in such humane endeavors. They are a blessing, not only to the poor sufferers themselves, but to the land which sustains them. Let us treat them everywhere with an unrestricted liberality. They are the truest exponents of our Christian civilization.

QUANDARIES.—Knocking at the wrong door, and hesitating whether you shall run away and say nothing about it, or stay and apologize. Crossing the road until you reach the middle, when you perceive a gig coming one way and a cab another; if you move on you are sure to be knocked down by one, and if you stand still you

may possibly be crushed by both. Finding yourself in a damp bed on a cold night; and cogitating whether you will lie still and catch your death, or get up and dress, and pass the night on two cane-bottomed chairs. Paying your addresses to a penniless fair one under the impression that she is an heiress; and, on discovering your error, having the option of marrying the young lady or being shot by her brother. Coming to four cross roads, one of which you must take at random, or just walk back a mile or two and inquire your way. Being blandly informed by a surgeon that you can either have your leg amputated, or leave it alone and die in a few days. Seeing a man by your bedside in the middle of the night, so that you may either smother yourself with the bed-clothes or allow him to do it with a plaster.

RELIGION AND SECTS IN ENGLAND.—In the last census of England the religious statistics of the country were collected—much against the wishes of some of the members of the House of Lords, however, the Churchmen of which apprehended disparaging results. Horace Mann (a gentleman who seems to resemble one of our own noblest citizens, in genius as well as name) has published a masterly volume on the subject, under the direction of the Registrar General of the Kingdom. We have not seen it, but find in the *London Spectator* some of its most important facts.

This volume shows England to be amazingly cut up into religious sects—nearly, if not quite, as much as our own country. The National Church itself is thoroughly divided and subdivided into classes. Independently of the minutest subdivisions of recognizable sects, such as the "Trinitarian Predestinarians," the "Free Gospel Christians," or the "Supralapsarian Calvinists," Mr. Mann reckons thirty-six religious communities or sects—twenty-seven native and indigenous, nine foreign—besides a number of sects so small and unconsolidated that they cannot be included in the list, and separate congregations, of which there are many. Not a few of the last eschew sectarian distinctions. There are, for example, ninety-six which simply call themselves Christians. The proportion of the distribution is in some degree indicated by the number of buildings. Out of thirty-four thousand four hundred and sixty-seven places of public worship of all denominations, there are belonging to the Church of England fourteen thousand and seventy-seven churches, with ten thousand clergy, and an aggregate property estimated at more than \$25,000,000.

The National Church then does not possess half the places of worship, by a large fraction. It does not comprise a majority of the whole people: Mr. Mann, however, calculates that the attendance at its places of worship is larger than the aggregate of the Dissenters. One thing is clear, that if the majority ruled, according to our republican notions of sovereignty, the Anglican Establishment would be dissolved at once, and its stupendous burdens be thrown off the shoulders of the majority of the people.

We refer to one more interesting feature in these returns, a table showing the proportion per cent. of attendance to sittings; which is

remarkable in many respects. The highest in the list does not show a proportion of more than forty-five per cent. of actual attendance to the total number of sittings provided in places of public worship belonging to one sect; the lowest on the list shows that in one sect the proportion is only eight per cent. The highest figures apply to the Wesleyan *Reformers*; the next sect who distinguish their zeal by the assiduity of attendance are the Particular Baptists; the original Wesleyans stand much lower; the Church of England is sixteenth in the list, and only exhibits a proportion of thirty-three per cent.; the lowest but one in the list are the Jews, who like the Unitarians show a proportion of twenty-four per cent.; the lowest of all is the Society of Friends. The Dissenters appear to attend oftener and to bestow longer time on religious worship than members of the Established Church. In the unendowed sects, therefore, more use appears to be made of the places for public worship than in the Establishment. Mr. Mann carefully distinguishes those who might attend, from those who would be prevented by infirmity, sickness, or engagement with inevitable duties; and he calculates that the total number of the population able to attend church is ten million three hundred and ninety-eight thousand, or fifty-eight per cent. on the entire population of England. Of those, however, who might attend, by every test of age, of personal freedom, and of access to sittings, but stop away altogether, it is calculated that the number is five million two hundred and eighty-eight thousand two hundred and ninety-four. This last is a great fact, and it is the subject of earnest inquiry.

The results of these statistics, though the *Spectator* and *Church Journals* try to construe them favorably, are decidedly unfavorable to national religious establishments. They afford new confirmations to the "voluntary principle." One of the greatest, perhaps the greatest experiment of our own land is this "voluntary" support of religion. Among ourselves its demonstration may be considered complete; the corroborative testimony of England cannot fail to give the experiment new interest to religious thinkers in all lands.

Dickens says:—Light, it is well known, promotes the development of animals and plants. Plants living in darkness do not become green, and human beings without sunshine do not become fresh-colored, and have not the true sparkle of life within their bodies. The morning light is supposed commonly to be most beneficial, and perhaps it is so. Rays of the morning sun are found by photographers to do their work more perfectly than any others. Pale, weakly, sleepy-headed people, should get out into the light, and love clear ground on which the sun beats cheerfully. Folks of an opposite kind, and those especially whose ways are the reverse of sleepy, may sometimes find their life better in the shade than in the sun.

Sometimes the world is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright

days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts nor in our hearths; and all without and within is dismal, cold, and dark. Every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

WHO READS AN AMERICAN BOOK?—Such was the satirical question of an English reviewer but a few years since. Now, London book-sellers are rivaling each other in American reprints, and Chapman and others issue large "American catalogues." An article in the last Westminster Review on De Quincy, opens with the following noticeable remark:—

"It is now some years since the all-powerful Sydney Smith was startled from complacent belief in his own infallibility by a young, unknown American traveler: 'We, on our side the Atlantic, often venture to revise your criticisms, and rejudge your judgments,'—was the astounding assertion of one who is now among the leaders of his country's senate. No wonder the great reviewer looked down with scorn upon the Yankee youth!—no wonder his admiring circle of dilettanti Whigs stood aghast at the audacity of the speaker, and the strangeness of the remark! Times have changed since then; and now, even Sydney Smith would be fain to admit that among the many tests of the permanent merit of an English work, none, perhaps, is sounder than the judgment of an American public. Of this fact the English public is becoming gradually aware. It cannot but remember that Carlyle was recognized in America long before England had perceived his genius and his strength. It knows how the most graceful 'vers de société' in the language have forgotten among musty periodicals and reviews, till America had collected the poems of Mackworth Praed. It was America who first collected and reprinted the admirable miscellanies of James Martineau; and it was America who first republished the vagrant articles of the 'English Opium-Eater.'"

Rev. Rowland Hill once said, on observing several persons entering his chapel to avoid the rain that was falling, "Many people are to be blamed for making religion a cloak; but I do not think them much better who make it an umbrella!"

The author of a "*Dissertation on a Salt-Box*," was Francis Hopkinson, of Philadelphia. It will be found in the first volume of Hopkinson's *Works*, Philadelphia edition of 1792. It was originally written for, and published in, the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, as a satire upon the examinations in the old Philadelphia College. It is entitled *Modern Learning exemplified by a Specimen of a late College Examination*. The first part is dedicated to "metaphysics," and commences thus:—

Prof. What is a salt-box?

Stud. It is a box made to contain salt.

Prof. How is it divided?

Stud. Into a salt-box, and a box of salt.

Prof. Very well! show the distinction.

Stud. A salt-box may be where there is no salt, but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

The student goes on and divides salt-boxes into "possible, probable, and positive salt-boxes." A possible salt-box is "one in the hands of the joiner;" a probable salt-box is "one in the hand of one going to buy salt, who has sixpence in his hand to pay the grocer;" a positive salt-box is one "which hath actually

and *bonâ fide* got salt in it." The examination then continues to investigate the merits of salt-boxes, under the heads of "logic, natural philosophy, mathematics, (which is illustrated by diagrams,) anatomy, surgery, the practice of physic, and chemistry." It is dated May, 1784, the time when it was written.

Francis Hopkinson was a member of the American Congress in 1776, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and an active politician in his day. He was the author of *The Battle of the Keys*, a satirical poem, composed while the English army occupied Philadelphia, which was very popular at the time, and is yet popular among the present generation.

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY OF FRIAR BACON, WHO WAS BORN IN THE YEAR 1214.—Bridges, unsupported by arches, will be made to span the foaming current. Man shall descend to the bottom of the ocean, safely breathing, and treading with firm step on the golden sands never brightened by the light of day. Call but the secret powers of Sol and Luna into action, and behold a single steersman, sitting at the helm guiding the vessel which divides the waves with greater rapidity than if she had been filled with a crew of mariners toiling at the oars, and the

loaded chariot, no longer incumbered by the panting steeds, shall dart on its course with resistless force and rapidity. Let the simple elements do thy labor; bind the eternal elements, and yoke them to the same plow. "Here," says a certain writer, "is poetry and philosophy wound together, forming a wondrous chain of prophecy."

CURIOUS TITLE.—A book was printed during the time of Cromwell with the following title: "Eggs of Charity, layed by the Chickens of the Covenants, and boiled with the Water of Divine Love—Take ye and eat."

"NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN."—In "Democritus in London, with the Mad Franks and Comical Conceits of Motley and Robin Goodfellow," will be found the following note, which is the earliest authority we have for the above saying. It is dated 1682:—

"There is a proverb which has been of old, And many men have likewise been so bold, To the discredit of the Taylor's Trade, *Nine Taylors goe to make up a man*, they said; But for their credit I'll unriddle it t'ye: A draper once fell into povertrie, Nine Taylors joynd their purses together then, To set him up, and make him a man again."

Book Notices.

Dixon's Howard—Septem Contra Thebas—Demosthenes' Philippics—Talfourd's Works—Friends in Council—Companions of my Solitude—Hugh Miller's Two Records—Lucy Herbert—Mercur on Natural Goodness—Tweddle's Lamp to the Path—The Woodcutters of Lebanon—Mabel Grant—Voyage to the South West Coast of America—Miss Leslie's Receipts for Cooking—Mattison's Doctrine of the Trinity—The Knout and the Russians.

DIXON'S *Howard and the Prison World of Europe* has been issued in a neat and substantial 18mo. volume of four hundred pages, by Carter & Brothers of New-York. Dixon is a leading writer and also a practical laborer in the "prison discipline" measures of England. He has thoroughly sifted the materials for a memoir of Howard, and has brought to his task some new data of curious interest. Howard's life is well told, and the whole subject of prison reform is woven into the narrative with genuine skill. The volume is not only excellent for popular reading, but a sort of *vade mecum* for the advocates of prison reform. We regret that the American edition is abridged.

We have received from Munroe & Co., Boston, two specimens of new editions of classic works, which, as they come out under the editorial care of gentlemen south of "Mason and Dixon's line," are an agreeable novelty in textbook editorship. The first is Æschylus's *Septem Contra Thebas*, a tragedy which stands among the noblest remains of Greek literature. It is edited from the text of W. Dindorf, with ample notes by A. Sachtleben, of Charleston, S. C. Two-thirds of the volumes, at least, are devoted to the annotations, yet they do not supersede

the research of the student, but are cautiously brief and critical. The Greek text is highly creditable to the publishers. The same remark may be made respecting the text of *The I, II, III Philippics of Demosthenes*, issued by the same house and edited by Professor Smead, of William and Mary's College, Virginia. Professor Smead's historical introductions give the relations of these notable speeches, and his abundant notes (considerably more than three-fourths of the volume) make the reader familiar with the significance of allusions and of subtle idiomatic points, which otherwise would escape if not baffle his attention. Both works are very skillfully edited, and present the latest critical improvements and illustrations of the text.

We are indebted to *Magee of Boston* for a copy of Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s edition of Talfourd's *Critical and Miscellaneous Works*. It includes some thirty-two articles, several of which have never before been published in this country. The contents, of course, are sterling; but the paper is dark, the type small, and the portrait—from an old one by Sir Thomas Lawrence—too juvenile. We shall give an article in our next number on Talfourd, with a portrait of later date.

We must also acknowledge, and with no little satisfaction, the receipt from the same publishers of three volumes of the author of *Friends in Council*, &c., including the two volumes which bear that title, and also *The Companions of my Solitude*. There are some very questionable opinions in these works and some

marked weaknesses; but they are at the same time among the most suggestive books of the day,—genial, beneficent, large-minded, often subtle, and always lifting the reader up to an elevated, purified atmosphere of thought, and that too without the consciousness of constraint or effort on his part. They are most companionable books.

Hugh Miller, the self-taught geologist, lectured some time ago before the London Young Men's Christian Association on Moses and Geology, assuming that the Biblical cosmogony and that taught by geology can be reconciled only by the interpretation of the word "day," in Moses, to mean period—and a long period too. His lecture has been published by *Gould & Lincoln, Boston*, in a small, mailable volume, entitled *The Two Records*. It is lucid, and makes out a "strong case" for the geological hypothesis, and an equally strong one for the Bible. Hugh Miller is always sensible and always vividly interesting; there is a rare combination of the sobriety of science and the sensibility of the poet about him.

Lucy Herbert is the title of a juvenile volume issued by *Munroe & Co., Boston*. It is a capital little sketch of a "little girl who would have an education;" but we refer to it the more particularly, to commend its exceedingly beautiful mechanical execution. The engravings, eight in number, are unusually fine, and the typography and binding correspond. We believe that the appearance of a book—its artist and artisan style—is no small source of its influence on the tastes and culture of childhood. *Munroe & Co.* show that they understand how to appreciate the fact.

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have issued a new work which we commend, with no little emphasis, to such of our readers as like close and luminous thinking. It is entitled, *Natural Goodness; or, Honor to whom Honor is due*, by Rev. T. F. R. Mercein. It is summarily an essay on the distinction between morality and religion, with "suggestions toward an appreciative view of moral men, the philosophy of the present system of morality, and the relation of natural virtue to religion." The volume teems with good thoughts, it abounds in striking passages, and is written in a style of much vigor, though at times it bears evidence of the verbal elaborateness which is usual to able minds while yet unpracticed in writing. No man who reads this book will close it without feeling that he has been communing with a mind of rare acuteness and power, and has been advanced in his appreciation of a most important subject.

Several of the productions of Rev. Dr. Tweedie—a Scotch author of some ability—have been published in this country. They are all characterized by a rare power to prepossess and carry along the reader—impressing him as well by their subtle, moral vitality, as by the clearness and force of their thoughts. *Gould & Lincoln, Boston*, have issued another of his works, entitled, *A Lamp to the Path*. It illustrates the uses of the Bible—the aids and comforts of religion—in "the heart, the home, and the market-place." Illustrations from the per-

sonal history of noted men are abundantly used. The book is quite popular in its adaptations.

Messrs. Carters have added to their " Fireside Series " two new and attractive little volumes: one is entitled, *The Woodcutters of Lebanon, and the Exiles of Lucerna*—by the author of "Morning and Night Watches"—a Jewish story, written with much ability, and avoiding skillfully the liabilities of a close imitation of oriental style. The other is entitled *Mabel Grant*, by Randall H. Ballantyne. It is a well-written story, with the best religious tone.

One of the most prolific presses of our city is that of *Redfield, Nassau-street*. Among other recent publications bearing its imprint, we have received a very interesting volume giving the *Narrative of a Voyage to the North-west Coast of America* in the years 1811-14, by Gabriel Franchère, translated by J. V. Huntington. Franchère was one of the employees of Astor, and narrates the interesting scenes of the voyage of the *Tonquin*, (sent out by that prince of merchants,) the founding of Astoria, and his personal adventures in Oregon and the Northwest generally. The book is of no small value for its historical data, and for its entertaining sketches.

Peterson, Philadelphia, has issued *Miss Leslie's New Receipts for Cooking*. We editors have stomachs like other men, it is to be presumed; but it can hardly be expected of us to be *en fait* in this kind of literature; an excellent authority at hand assures us, however, that Miss Leslie's books (notwithstanding "Mrs." would be more authoritative than "Miss," in such a case,) are among the very best manuals of the kind extant. The present one professes to contain everything valuable that is new or recent in the gastronomic art, and abounds in general counsels about good housewifery, that will strike all sensible men, at least, as exceedingly pertinent for their better halves.

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have published a new edition of Mattison's *Doctrine of the Trinity*, a very comprehensive and yet minute dissection of the whole subject of Arianism. It meets the special objections of Unitarians, Hicksites, Universalists, Mormons, "Christians," "Newlights," &c. The work is of course designed to be popular in its style, both of language and of logic; but it displays throughout careful study and acute powers of analysis.

The Knout and the Russians is the title of another volume, called forth—in the American market at least—by the excitement of the "Eastern Question." It is a translation, by Mr. John Bridgeman, from the French of Germain de Lagny. De Lagny gives abundance of information respecting the Muscovites and their Czar, but his pen distills the very venom of prejudice. There are bad enough things, in all conscience, to be said against Nicholas and his bears; but this Frenchman begins, continues and ends, in one almost unmitigated strain of passionate abuse. The engravings are numerous, but poorly printed. Some of them, as the reader will notice, are taken from the same sources as those we give in our articles on St. Petersburg. *Harper & Brothers, New-York*.

Literary Record.

The Book Season in England—Silvio Pellico—Robert Owen—Confessions of a Converted Infidel—Bulwer's Works—Education in Turkey—United Association of Schoolmasters—British Museum—Villemain's New Work—Life of Jefferson—Count Gurowski—Lever—New-York Historical Society—Lady Bulwer—A New Mormon Alphabet—Periodicals in Egypt—Autobiography of Lamennais—Autobiography of Talleyrand—Gulzot's Life of Cromwell—History of the Salons of the Seventeenth Century—The Poliphar Papers—Theodore Parker—Lamartine—Literature in Liverpool.

We learn from *The London Athenæum*, that notwithstanding the excitement attending on war—excitements which are commonly supposed to supersede more peaceful interests—the promise of the book season in England is little, if at all, below the corresponding period in other years. Among the works announced for early publication, we find Dr. Waagen's "Treasures of Art in Great Britain;" General Nott's "Memoirs and Correspondence;" Mrs. Jameson's "Common-place Book;" and a "Hand-book for Turkey;" the last mentioned being one of Mr. Murray's series of Continental Hand-books; "The Life and Correspondence of Charles, Lord Metcalfe, late Governor-General of India, Governor of Jamaica, and Governor-General of Canada," by Mr. Kaye; the third volume of the "Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox," edited by Lord John Russell, is in preparation; as are also the seventh and eighth volumes of "Moore's Memoirs." The Dean of Hereford has a volume in the press, "Lessons on the Phenomena of Industrial Life." A volume of "Original Letters," by James Boswell, is promised. A "Life of Amelia Opie" is announced as in course of preparation, from her own diaries, by Mrs. Brightwell. The third volume of Mr. Forster's "One Primeval Language;" "A History of the Papacy," by the Rev. J. E. Riddle, the "Latin Lexicographer;" "The Institutes of Metaphysics, or the Theory of Knowing and Being," by Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrews. The second volume of Mr. Finlay's "History of the Byzantine Empire, including the Last Days of Constantinople under the Greeks;" and the third volume of Sir A. Alison's "History of Europe," are shortly to appear. Among the novels which are being prepared by lady-caterers for public amusement, are works by Miss Jewsbury, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Trollope, and the Author of "Margaret Maitland." To these promises we may add "The American at Home," by Judge Haliburton, and Colonel Landmann's "Military Memoirs."

Silvio Pellico has left behind him a number of manuscripts. They are in course of preparation for the press. A brother of the deceased poet has been left his literary executor. Among the manuscripts left there is an autobiography of Pellico, entitled "My Life before and after my Imprisonment."

"The Future of the Human Race," is the name of a pamphlet published by *Robert Owen*. It is based upon table-rapping and spiritual letter-writing. The old man, from being a down-right unbeliever, has become a credulous fanatic.

"Confessions of a Converted Infidel, with Incidents of Travel," is the title of a forthcoming work, from the pen of *Rev. John Bayley*, of Virginia. It will contain an outline of his own life—the progress of his mind through infidel difficulties to faith and a life of Christian usefulness. Such works are the very best appeals to skeptics.

A collected edition of *Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's* Poetical and Dramatic Works is in the press in London.

It is stated, on the authority of a work recently published in England, that, since 1846, a law of the Turkish empire requires every citizen, as soon as his children have reached their sixth year, to inscribe their names in the books of one of the public schools, unless he can prove his ability to educate them at home. At Constantinople, it is reported that there are now 396 free schools, frequented by 22,700 children of both sexes. There are likewise six secondary schools with about 1,000 pupils. In order to gain an entrance into these, five years must have been spent in the free schools. There is also a high school for young men, who are intended for public employments, a college for the same object, a normal school for the education of professors, an imperial college of medicine, a military, a naval, and an agricultural school. Of these schools the Sultan is superintendent, and he attends their examinations. The public libraries of Constantinople contain 70,000 volumes.

A permanent Exhibition is about to be opened in London by the United Association of Schoolmasters of Great Britain, containing specimens of educational books, maps, diagrams, models, and apparatus, and intended to assist teachers in the pursuit of their profession. Several educational Societies, publishers and authors of various works, it is said, have given their aid to the undertaking.

A large portion of the manuscript of *The Sentimental Journey*, in Sterne's own holograph, has been purchased for the autograph department of the British Museum, which has also obtained between sixty and seventy letters from Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, including the last he ever wrote to any one.

The first volume of *M. Villemain's Souvenirs Contemporains d'Histoire et de Littérature* has been published. It is occupied principally with a Memoir of *M. de Narbonne*, Minister of War under Louis XVI. He is not of much individual importance, but was intimate with de Stael, Napoleon, Fox, Lafayette, and others. Napoleon talked much and unreservedly with him, the records of which were given by Narbonne to Villemain.

Mr. Randall, our late Secretary of State, is engaged on a Life of Jefferson; the first volume of which, it is expected, will be published this month. It is understood that he writes with the full approbation of the Jefferson family, and that all its members have favored him to

the utmost with their recollections, and with the private family manuscripts of every kind in their possession. The memoir will contain a large amount of entirely new and interesting matter, especially in relation to the earlier portions of Mr. Jefferson's life, before he passed from Virginia into the wider sphere of national politics. Mr. Randall has also availed himself of Jefferson's papers in Congress, and of all other accessible authorities, which he has searched with diligence.

Count Gurouck's book on Russia has passed to a second edition. This work ought to be universally read, for it contains quite the fullest and most reliable account of the present condition of the Russian empire in print.

In the preface to "The Dodd Family Abroad," just completed, Lever holds out hopes of a run through the United States.

At a late meeting of the *New-York Historical Society*, the president announced, that he had received from the Rev. Mr. Chauncey a very interesting document connected with the history of the country. It was the original letter written by Commodore Perry to Commodore Chauncey, announcing his victory on Lake Erie over the British squadron. The president presented the letter to the society in the name of Mr. Chauncey, who is the son of the commodore.

Lady Bulwer has written a new novel, "Behind the Scenes," which is one of the termagant kind she delights in. There is a great deal of free portraiture in the work. Not content with using her nails upon Sir Edward, she exercises that prerogative upon his friends, and we have, accordingly, some sharply-scratched sketches of several literary celebrities. Disraeli comes in for his share of the angry woman's tongue; and Dickens receives an uncalled-for castigation, under the euphonious title of "Carlo Dials."

A new *Mormon Alphabet* has been invented, consisting of thirty-eight characters. The orthography will be so abridged that an ordinary writer can probably write one hundred words in a minute with ease, and consequently report the speech of an ordinary speaker without much difficulty. In the new alphabet every letter has a fixed and unalterable sound; and every word is spelt with reference to given sounds. So say the Mormons.

There is only one paper in Egypt—a small monthly sheet in the Arabic language, at four dollars a year. It is mainly devoted to "the powers that be," and every one in the employ of the Pacha is obliged to subscribe to it.

The *Abbe Lamennais* has left behind him a remarkable work, which is not to be published for ten years. It is a sort of autobiography—on the plan of Rousseau's famous Confessions, but eminently religious. In this, Lamennais is said to have faithfully recorded the story of his mind, ever since he entered manhood. Its political views are ultra-democratic. The manuscript has been bequeathed, with other property, to the writer's nephew, and the delay, in accordance with Lamennais's expressed desire, is the subject of regret in the literary circles of Europe.

Before long, we shall probably have the autobiography which Prince Talleyrand left behind. It was his wish that fifty years should pass between his death (which took place in 1838) and the publication of this work. But, as he did not expressly prescribe this delay, his family are understood to be disposed to diminish it, and Talleyrand's Autobiography will soon see the light. Of course, the old fox has not told the truth of himself and others. An apology for his political life is what we may expect.

The greater part of *Guizot's Life of Cromwell* is written with a reference to Louis Napoleon.

Cousin is writing a *History of the Salons of the Seventeenth Century*—which, if well handled, cannot fail to be interesting, as well as instructive. He commences with the Marchioness de Sablé, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

The London *Athenæum* says: "Those *Potiphar Papers*, which mean to be droll, are to our eyes only dreary."

The first volume of a German translation of *Theodore Parker's* has appeared, containing his Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. A second edition of a former translation of his Ten Sermons on Religious Subjects is in preparation.

The Paris correspondent of a Washington paper having paid a recent visit to *Lamartine*, gives the following account of the poet-statesman:—

"I spent part of last evening with Lamartine. He lives in a pretty, but humble residence; and we found him surrounded by men of letters and distinguished persons of liberal views from every land. He is still a fine-looking man—his appearance and manner both remind one of Henry Clay—frank, bold, and fearless. We were happy to learn that his estate, which was deeply involved by the sacrifices he made for his country, is now, by his own extraordinary industry and perseverance, nearly relieved from debt. Besides many other literary occupations, he is engaged on a life of Washington, which will be published within this year."

Liverpool has published an index to its literary tastes in the shape of a Report on the reading and readers at its various Free Libraries for the first quarter of a year. From this report we are glad to learn that the free readers of the great commercial emporium of England are not wholly given over to light literature. The books most in demand are biographies and histories:—of these, 8,576 volumes have been issued in the quarter. Novels come next in the list;—of these, 4,203 volumes have been issued. When it is borne in mind that novels are generally in three volumes, it will appear that the excess of solid over amusing reading in the *Liverpool* libraries has been noticeably great. In miscellaneous literature, the issues have been 868,—in geography and travels, 573,—in poetry and drama, 254,—in theology, morality, and metaphysics, 218,—in natural history, 181. In commerce and political economy only 18 volumes have been called for in the great commercial port, the second city of the great economical country,—while in science and art there have been no less than 215 readers. This is a curious fact. Among the novels, those most sought for—as was to be expected in a seaport—have been nautical novels. *Marryatt* has had more readers than Scott.

Fine Arts.

Egyptian Decorative Art—Benedetti Negri—Solography—Baron Von Humboldt—Westminster Palace—Leutze's Painting of Washington—Donizetti—The Mattau-phone—Collection of Models—Sir Isaac Newton—Roman Art—Portrait of Seward.

MR. WORNUM, a gentleman well known in the art and scientific world, recently delivered a lecture in London, on Egyptian Decorative Art. He considered the peculiar nature of Egyptian decoration as symbolical rather than esthetic—the latter element being either received by them as secondary or forgotten. Mr. Wornum held that like all nations, and like the Greeks, they never separated form and color. Every inch of their walls was covered with colored intaglios, ingeniously cut into the stone, and not raised from its surface as in the Greek reliefs. Their favorite ornaments were the zigzag, the fret, (or lozenge,) the wave scroll, the cartouche, and the winged globe, all symbolical, and nearly all copied by the Greeks. It was, indeed, one peculiarity of Egyptian art that all nations seem to have drawn from it their types. The Jew in his seven-branched candlestick took the lotus cups and their mystic numbers; the Greek his zigzag honeysuckle pattern and fret. The zigzag was the Egyptian's emblem of the Nile—of water generally; the wave scroll of the sea in motion; the fret of the Labyrinth of Mæris, itself emblematical of the transmigration of the soul and its numerous stages of progression; the cartouche was a mere panel to separate hieroglyphics; and the winged globe was an emblem of the Divine Providence that overshadowed the world. Mr. Wornum finally proceeded to enumerate the Egyptian skill in all useful arts. Their vases and jugs anticipated all our excellences and even our defects; their easy chairs were easier than ours; their thrones of gold and ivory inlaid with choice woods; their seats of leather and cane were of all variety of graceful and of necessary shapes. It had been said that the Egyptians possessed locomotives; but though he could not go quite so far, it had been found that they had used our latest artifices in dying cottons.

Benedetti Negri, once a distinguished professor of singing, died lately, in his seventy-first year, having been born at Turin on the 5th of January, 1784. He was the favorite pupil of Bonifazio Asioli, and, at the age of twenty-two was appointed professor of the Conservatoire of Milan, on its foundation by Napoleon.

The advance made, of late years, in the beautiful art of *Solography* has been truly wonderful. Mr. Hawkins, of Cincinnati, has succeeded, after the most assiduous application, in perfecting the art of transferring to paper likenesses, and landscapes from nature, with all the accuracy of a daguerreotype and the fine effects of a steel engraving.

Baron Von Humboldt has nearly finished the fourth volume of the *Cosmos*, which will be illustrated with numerous plates got up under his direction. It is to be desired that the venerable *avant* would furnish illustrations also to the other volumes, to make this great work

complete. There exists an atlas to the first volumes of the *Cosmos*, got up by a bookmaker of Germany, who had the audacity to illustrate what the great *avant* himself would be scarcely able to accomplish.

From a return recently made to the House of Commons, it appears that \$148,000 have already been expended on the art decorations of the new palace of Westminster, and that \$125,000 more will be required to complete them.

Leutze, the artist, has finished the painting upon which he has been engaged for the last two years. The subject of it is: "Washington rallying his troops at the battle of Monmouth." This painting was enthusiastically admired at Berlin, where it had been exhibited; it was lately on exhibition at Brussels, and we may soon expect to see it in the United States.

A statue-monument, representing the Spirit of Harmony mourning, is about being placed in the chapel of Bergamo, in Italy, over the grave of Donizetti, the composer.

A musical instrument recently invented by Mr. Mattau, of Brussels, is creating some curiosity among the musical world at Paris. It takes its name from the inventor, and is called the Mattau-phone. It is said to be the result of fifteen years of labor. It consists of fifty-four glasses of different sizes, fastened firmly into a sort of wooden table, and played on by being struck with a sort of small mallet. The sounds thus produced are said to be at once clear and decided, and the Mattau-phone is declared to be particularly well-adapted for accompanying other musical instruments. It has been played upon, in public, by M. Michotte, a young Belgian, who has acquired great facility of execution, and gives rapid passages, as well as chromatic, with much success.

There is at present submitted to public inspection in the Museum of Art at Marlborough House, London, a small but exceedingly curious collection of models in clay and wax, said to have been found in a house at Florence, and believed to be original studies by Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Donatello, and other celebrated Italian sculptors.

It is proposed to erect a monument to the memory of *Sir Isaac Newton*, at Grantham, Lincolnshire, England, where he was educated, and near to which he was born.

The *Giornale di Roma* gives a statistical account of the exportation of works of art from Rome during 1853. The modern paintings exported were 290, valued at about 550,000 francs. The works of sculpture exported were 229, value about 740,000 francs. The old paintings exported were 107, value 53,000 francs; old works of sculpture 28, value 7,500 francs. Total 654 works, valued at 1,350,000 francs.

Elliott's fine full-length portrait of the *Hon. W. H. Seward* has been purchased for the sum of \$500, by Mr. Morgan, of Aurora, Cayuga Lake.

Scientific Items.

Geological Museum—Effects of Brimstone on Iron—Optical Telegraph—Physiological Investigations—Mineral Treasures of Tuscany—Electricity—A New Style of Enameling.

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON and Mr. Greenough, the Father of Geology in England, have presented their valuable collections of minerals and fossils to the London University College, with a view of assisting in the completion of a *Geological Museum* there, of which the nucleus already exists. It is stated that several other eminent geologists have also intimated their intention of adding to the collection.

A bar of iron of almost any size, may be instantly sundered while hot, by the simple application of a piece of common roll brimstone. A knowledge of this fact will be useful, when some piece of iron work is required to be severed, but which, as is sometimes the case, is so constructed and situated that no ordinary chisel or cutting tool can be brought to apply. Holes may be instantly perforated through bars or plates of heated iron, by the application of pointed pieces of brimstone. This phenomenon is curious, although it seldom affords much practical utility.

A Polish physician at Kalefat has made a curious and important discovery of a species of camera, or optical telegraph, by which a perfect reconnaissance could be effected at an incredible distance. It could be used on horseback, and the Turks had as many as four hundred persons employed in this way about them.

Mr. Peter Browne, whose physiological investigations of the hair of the American pretender to the Bourbon crown was the subject of much scientific discussion, a short time since, has applied his theory to the question, whether the people whose remains are found in the mounds are identical with the existing race of American Indians. His conclusion is that they are, which he founds upon the identity of form between the horizontal section of the hair of the former, and that of hundreds of specimens of the latter. Mr. Browne divides the hair of the human family into the cylindrical, the oval, and the eccentrically elliptical, as characterizes the various races. He has examined the hair of the mummy of a young American Indian, supposed to be a female of about ten years old, from Pachacarnack, Temple of the Sun, five leagues from Lima, South America. This cemetery has not been used since the Spanish conquest, previously to which (according to Herrera) it was kept sacred for the nobles and other dignitaries of Peru. The hair of this Indian, which is in good preservation, is *cylindrical*, diameter 1-364 of an inch. He has also examined eight other ancient specimens of Indian pile, and finds similar results. On the other hand, he has submitted to the most critical investigations the hairs found upon the mummies of Egypt and Thebes, and has found them to be *oval*, without a solitary exception. These observations of Mr. Browne bear upon the very interesting question in ethnology, as to the

origin of the aboriginal inhabitants of America. Provided the hair theory be true, the favorite doctrine with many, that the Indians of this continent are descended from the Egyptians, must be false. The *autochthonous* origin of the aborigines of America is held by many on various grounds, which the theory of Mr. Browne would seem to confirm.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has recently conferred an order upon Dr. Charles Jackson, of New-England, for services in relation to the mines and mineralogy of the Island of Elba which belongs to his realm. The mineral treasures of Tuscany are once more attracting attention. Several old copper mines, which have been unworked for centuries, have been recently opened, and are yielding large rewards. There is also a quicksilver mine near Serravezza, and several iron mines produce abundantly. Salt is also produced in great quantities.

In the original experiments by Professor Wheatstone to ascertain the rapidity with which electricity is transmitted along copper wire, it was found that an electric spark passed through a space of 280,000 miles in a second. It has been determined that the rapidity of transmission through iron wire is 18,000 miles a second, while it does not exceed 2,700 in the same space of time in the telegraph wire between London and Brussels, a great portion of which is submerged in the German Ocean. The retardation of the force in its passage through insulated wire immersed in water is calculated to have an important practical bearing in effecting a telegraphic communication between England and America; for it is stated by Professor Faraday that, in the length of 2,000 miles, three or more waves of electric force might be transmitting at the same time; and that if the current be reversed, a signal sent through the wire might be recalled before it arrived at this side of the ocean.

Science may, indeed, be said to be but in its infancy. Every day brings forth its strange discovery, with its still stranger name. A peculiar style of enameling, called the *Gulcano-plastic Niello* has been introduced. It consists in engraving or stamping figures on a plate of silver or gold, and then filling the incised lines, or impressed pattern, with a sort of enamel, differing, however, from true enamel, which is a kind of glass, by being formed of a mixture of the sulphurets of lead, silver, and copper. This mixture is of a black color—hence the name *niello* from *nigellum*, derived from *niger*, black—and when melted into the intaglio parts of a plate, gives it somewhat the appearance of an inked engraved copper plate. It is stated in scientific circles, that an improvement has already been made in the above, in which the figures are not produced by an enamel of sulphuret of silver, as in the original, but by a different colored metal: thus on a plate of gold may be produced fine engravings, the lines of which are in silver, and so on.